

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JULY 25, 1960

*America's National Sports Weekly*

25 CENTS

## PEOPLE VS. BOBCATS

The case for bobcats, by Jack Olsen

## BEST HORSEWOMAN

The story of Trish Galvin

## PACIFIC REGATTA

The spectacle, painted by Henry Koehler

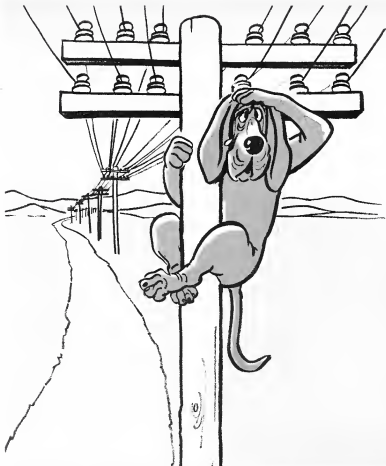




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Current Parade reports ▶

In a portfolio of paintings, *Salute* Artist Henry Kocher presents the spectrum of colors that the sun splashed on the sea and sails in the annual Southern California Regatta.

Next week



▶ In the hard fight at the Olympic trials at Toledo, Ohio next week, butterfly swimmer Mike Troy seems a certainty to make the team and win a Bronze gold medal.

▶ From Akron, Ohio's Firestone Country Club, Alfred Wright reports on the 1960 PGA golf championship and Arnold Palmer's dramatic bid for his first American slam.

▶ Robert Graves, historian, novelist, poet, conjures up a gaudy day at the games of ancient Rome, where a Greek philosopher endures sights never dreamed of in Olympia.

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**MEMO from the publisher**

The following letter recently came to me from Parma, Italy. Its opening appeal to my vanity was personally hard to resist. But its significant appeal, I think, may get a more useful response:

Dear Mr. Sidney L. James:

You have to settle many and important things and we hope you will want to excuse our impudence to write to you; but our wish is you advise us to reach our aim, to become better and draw nearer to the founders of baseball. We are students, workmen, employees and in the 1950 we founded the Parma Baseball by many sacrifices. Our aim was to learn the baseball under the Olympic flag of true dilettantism.

Our mothers and sisters sewed our uniforms and embroidered our symbol on the jackets; and when we go to other towns, we have our dinner in the bag with the glove and the baseball.

What we have is the result of our renunciations. We are players, practise during the free hours when we could rest or go to the bar; but our aim is to advance and to obtain some good results in Italy, in order to satisfy many young men, fans of this beautiful sport.

We don't obtain any helps because interests of Italian manufacturers are turned towards sports of professional players. We are true amateurs and of that we are proud. In our society we have many boys from 10 to 20 years old who would like to learn the baseball and practice the sport of Joe DiMaggio. But at command we have few means. The new material is very dear in Italy; and the used material is not to be found.

I play catcher in our team and I learnt the baseball from the books and magazines. What we ask is for your interest in helping us. We would appreciate it very much if you could put our team picture in your magazine. We do think it would do lots of good to us if some people that read your magazine would send us some old material that we could still use. We will always be in gratitude with you.

Sincerely yours, the catcher,  
NINO CAVALLO  
B. Retto No. 46 Parma



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*Sidney L. James*

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**July 21** Lakes and Flowers Handicap, 3-year-olds, and up, 6 f., \$20,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif.

**July 22** Arlington Classic, 3-year-olds, 1 m., \$100,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.

**July 23** Hollywood Juvenile Championship, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$100,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif.

**July 23** Dwyer Handicap, 3-year-olds, 1 1/2 m., \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

**July 23** Monmouth Oaks, 3-year-old fillies, 1 1/2 m., \$50,000 added, Monmouth Park, N.J.

**July 23** The New Castle, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/16 m., \$40,000 estimated gross, Delaware Park, Del.

**July 23** Seaway Stakes, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$20,000 added, Detroit Race Course, Mich.

**July 24** Sunset Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/2 m., \$100,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif.

**July 27** Graveward Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 6 f., \$25,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

**July 27** Madamzener Hurdle, 3-year-olds and up, invitation only, 2 m., \$22,000 added, Monmouth Park, N.J.

**July 27** Meadowland Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m. turf, \$50,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.

**July 30** Delaware Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1 1/4 m., \$150,000 estimated gross, Delaware Park, Del.

**July 30** Brooklyn Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/4 m., \$100,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.

**July 30** Arlington Futurity, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$150,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.

**July 30** The Security, 2-year-old fillies, 6 f., \$100,000 guaranteed gross, Monmouth Park, N.J.

**July 30** The Dover, 2-year-olds, 5 1/2 f., \$20,000 added, Delaware Park, Del.

**August 1** The Sanford, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**August 2** Choice Stakes, 3-year-olds, 1 1/16 m., \$50,000 added, Monmouth Park, N.J.



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**AUGUST 3** The Test, 3-year-old fillies, 7 f., \$25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 3** Cleopatra Handicap, 3-year-old fillies, 1 m., \$25,000 added, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.

**AUGUST 4** Beverwyck Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$15,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 6** The Sapling, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$100,000 guaranteed gross, Monmouth Park, N.J.

**AUGUST 6** The Whitney, 4-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$30,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 6** Laurance Armour Memorial, 3-year-olds and up, 1½ m., \$50,000 added, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.

**AUGUST 6** San Diego Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 1/16 m., \$20,000 added, Del Mar, Calif.

**AUGUST 6** The Schuykerville, 3-year-old fillies, 6 f., \$25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 10** The Bernard Baruch, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$25,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 11** North American Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$10,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 12** Saratoga National Hurdle, 4-year-olds and up, 2 m., \$10,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 13** Arlington Matron, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ m., \$50,000 added, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.

**AUGUST 13** The Alabama, 3-year-old fillies, 1½ m., \$50,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 17** Saratoga Special, 2-year-olds, 6 f., \$10,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 17** Ramona Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, fillies and mares, 1½ m., \$20,000 added, Del Mar, Calif.

**AUGUST 16** Promise Hurdle, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$12,500 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 19** Saratoga Steeplechase, 4-year-olds and up, 2½ m., \$17,500 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 20** The Travers, 3-year-olds, 1½ m., \$75,000 added, Saratoga, N.Y.

**AUGUST 20** Arlington Handicap, 3-year-olds and up, 1 3/16 m. turf, \$50,000 added, Washington at Arlington Park, Ill.

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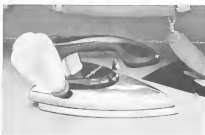
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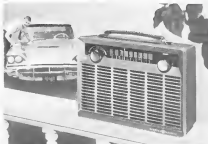


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# COMING EVENTS

July 22 to July 28

All times are E.D.T.

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## Friday, July 22

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Milwaukee at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **SWIMMING**  
U.S. Outdoor Men's Champs., Toledo (through July 24).

## Saturday, July 23

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Chicago at New York (CBS-TV, Mutual, Radio) \*
- ★ Cleveland at Boston (NBC) \*
- ★ Philadelphia at San Francisco (ABC) \*
- **BOATING**  
Chicago-Mackinac Island sailing race, Chicago-Mackinac Island Race Week, Mackinac, Mich. (through July 30)
- **CYCLING**  
U.S. 5000 Olympic road racing trials, New York (also July 24).
- **GOLF**  
★ PGA Championship (final two days), \$50,000, Akron (CBS-TV, July 23-24) \*
- **HORSE RACING**  
★ Arsona Classic, \$100,000 added, Arlington Park, Ill.
- ★ Hollywood Juvenile Championship, \$100,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif. (CBS-TV Radio) \*
- ★ Dwyer Handicap, \$50,000 added, Aqueduct, N.Y.
- ★ Monroeville Oaks, \$50,000 added, Monroeville Park, N.J.
- **WATER SPORTS**  
ICF-A raft race, Campersville, Ill. (also July 24)

## Sunday, July 24

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Chicago at New York (CBS) \*
- ★ Cleveland at Boston (NBC) \*
- ★ Milwaukee at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **BOATING**  
Hundred Cup, unlimited hydro, Casco D'Alene, Idaho

## Monday, July 25

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Cincinnati at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **CYCLING**  
U.S. 5000 Olympic sprint racing trials, Indianapolis (also July 26).
- **HORSE RACING**  
★ Sunco Handicap, \$100,000 added, Hollywood Park, Calif.
- **TENNIS**  
Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Champs., Haverford, Pa. (through July 31).
- ★ USLTA Girls' 15 Champs., Cranman (through July 31).
- ★ USLTA Junior & Boys' Champs., Katonah, Mich. (through July 31).

## Tuesday, July 26

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Philadelphia at Chicago (Mutual) \*
- **HOCKEY**  
Frontier Tux, \$27,150, Cheyenne, Wyo. (through July 31).
- **SHOOTING**  
Natl. Rifle Assn. Pistol and Rifle Matches, Camp Perry, Ohio (through Aug. 28)

## Wednesday, July 27

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Cleveland at New York (Mutual) \*
- **HORSE RACING**  
Midsummer Hurdle, \$22,000 added, Monmouth Park, N.J.

## Thursday, July 28

- **BASEBALL**  
★ Chicago at Boston (Mutual) \*
- **BOATING**  
New York Yacht Club Cruise, New London, Conn. (through Aug. 6).
- **GOLF**  
★ Eastern Open, \$25,000, Baltimore (through July 31).
- ★ Wannsee Handicap, \$221,000, Yonkers, N.Y.

\*See local listing



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# SCORECARD

Events and Discoveries of the Week

## COME ON, YO-YO!

Minor league baseball returned to the greater New York area last week, to the immense satisfaction of 7,155 cash customers at Jersey City's big Roosevelt Stadium. Former Giant and Dodger fans found themselves following with interest a contest between a team representing Jersey City and one from Columbus, Ohio—and, in fact, it was an almost flawless occasion. The weather was superb, golden light falling on the deep green of the salt meadows, buildings silhouetted like stage sets against the shimmering waters of Newark Bay, a band, a parade, ample parking, alert (if slightly stage-struck) players and a good game.

In three days, the Havana Sugar Kings of the International League (in fourth place) accomplished the rapid transfer to Jersey City, printed tickets, signed a television contract (home games televised into New York during Yankee road trips) and pretty much took New Jersey by storm. The reason for leaving Castro's Havana was simply put by ex-Milwaukee Brave Jim Pendleton: "You couldn't concentrate on playing ball down there. You could feel the hostility in the air."

There was certainly no evidence of any in Jersey City. True, a Miss Delphine Lisk asked her boss for permission to attend the welcoming parade and was thereupon fired, but the mayor appointed her Miss Jersey City, and she rode in the parade herself. Transformed from the Sugar Kings to the Jersey City Jerseys (subsequently changed to Reds), the team traveled by night from Miami, got an hour's sleep, paraded through the city, listened to speeches, signed autographs and, as the lights came on and the crowd really roared, played the Columbus Jets to a standstill for seven innings. The roar of the crowd was a little confused, since there were few Latin Americans present and the others did not know how to pronounce

Isquierdo or Azcue. But everyone soon learned that Jersey City's brilliant second baseman, Pompeyo Davalillo, was called Yo-Yo, and solved the problem by shouting "Yo-Yo! Yo-Yo!" no matter what was happening. Columbus won 8-3.

## THE SIX-MINUTE MILE

If track men can run the mile in four minutes, how fast should football players be able to run it? Five minutes? Six minutes? An hour and a half? Dallas Cowboys' Coach Tom Landry decided to find out. He measured off a mile course on the turf at the Cowboys' training camp in Forest Grove, Ore. and told the boys to get out there and break the six-minute barrier.

None did. The best time was 6:19 by Greg Althenhofen, rookie end from

Oregon. Slowest time was a 9:06 by Bob Griffin, Arkansas center. The University of New Mexico's Don Perkins, who has run the hundred in 10 seconds flat, collapsed after five of the six laps, walked the rest of the way. Landry intends to keep the boys at it, and if football fields are ever lengthened to 3,280 feet, the Cowboys will be a team to be reckoned with.

## USES OF ADVERSITY

Trying to qualify for the Portland (Ore.) City Amateur Golf Tournament last week, Kelley Stroud took a mighty swing on the par-3 16th hole, splashed his ball into the water. He took another cut, put another ball in the water. A third swing, a third dunking. Once more Stroud teed off. This time he fired a 148-yard shot straight into the cup. With penalties, it was a perfect hole-in-seven.

## ANYONE CAN PLAY

Gamesmanship is the fine art of bagging one's opponent without specifically breaking rules. It is rampant in the major leagues. During the recent All-Star Game in New York, Brooks Robinson of the Baltimore Orioles,



## FAREWELL TO HAPPY KNOLL

Roger Hoelck has sent his last letter to Albert Magill, president emeritus, about the deficit at Happy Knoll. Old Ned will hear no more confessions at the bar, and Benny Muldoon's ambitions for the pro circuit have been quenched forever. Bob Lawton will never again have bright suggestions,

shortwise, taxwise or otherwise, for the lights have gone out at the country club which John P. Marquand created in these pages. We were honored to have this great American man of letters as one of our early and most distinguished contributors. He died last week, and we mourn his passing.

sitting in the Yankees' dugout for the first time in his life, was one of the first to notice New York's contribution to the art. "Hey," he said, "it's air-conditioned!" As Robinson well knew, the visiting team's dugout is hot and humid and unblessed by such modern conveniences. The result, via gamesmanship, is a slight psychological edge, a feeling of comfortable superiority, for the Yankees.

Frank Lane, general manager of the Cleveland Indians, is an authority on this subject. "If you think that's a bad situation in New York," he says, "how about Kansas City? There the home team's dugout has a lavatory. But the boys on the visiting team have to walk a couple of hundred feet to the clubhouse. And everybody in the ball park knows where they're going!"

Lane also points out that some groundskeepers tailor their fields to suit the home club. "In Chicago," he says, "the third-base line is raised like the lip of a saucer. Why? Because Aparicio and Fox and a couple of others are good bunters. The White Sox play 77 games at home—77 games where a lot of bunts will stay fair."

And how does Lane, former general manager of the White Sox, know this? "I ought to know," he says. "I'm the guy who ordered that base line built up." Lane is also the guy who installed heaters in the Indian dugout but left them out of the enemy dugout, thus forcing visiting players, on occasion, to build fires for warmth in early-season games.

"I arranged for a number of heaters," Lane explains innocently, "but we ran out before we got around to the visitors. Of course, there was nothing to stop them from bringing in their own. We didn't search them."

#### A LOUD OOH, PLEASE

The jeweler, the designer, the goldsmith, the engraver, the polisher and the setter all worked overtime last week to complete Cus D'Amato's crown. They made it of 14-carat gold, studded it with 174 diamonds, 248 rubies and sapphires, 250 pearls. Cus had ordered it, and he didn't care what it cost. "I'm having it made to express what I feel," Cus said. This week, at a testimonial dinner in New York, he presents the crown to his fighter, Floyd Patterson—the heavy-

weight champion of the whole world.

On the highest of its nine crests, the crown has a golden globe (to denote world supremacy); the color scheme is red, white and blue (to signify the return of the title to the U.S.); and there are a couple of jewel-studded boxing gloves (to keep first things first). So that Floyd will not get his crown mixed up with anyone else's, his initials are set out front in diamond letters one and three-quarter inches high. And to ensure a proper fit (Floyd's hat size is 7 1/4), the band's ermine trim can be adjusted.

"When the crown is presented," Cus said, "I want to hear loud oohs and ahs." One sure ooh-getter: its \$25,000 price tag.

#### WILLIE TAKES HIS CUT(S)

When regular batting practice is over, baseball tradition calls for each starting player to step into the box for one (and only one) final swing. So it was at the second All-Star Game in New York last week. Bob Skanner took his cut. In came Willie Mays. He fouled one, begged another, lined a ball into left. In came Bill White. He took one swing and in came Mays again. "Hey, get outa there, Willie!" somebody shouted. Willie fegned deafness and took another cut. Smokey Burgess stepped in, and he was followed by—Willie Mays. This time Ernie Banks reached out and yanked Willie back into the base paths of righteousness. "Man," groaned Willie, "a guy just can't get a break around here!"

#### CAST OF CHARACTERS

Coach Lou Saban of the Boston Patriots finds he must mutilate extra clearly while training this year's squad. On the roster are Bob Foe, Bob Dee and Bob Lee. . . . Confessions of provincialism were exchanged by two everyday baseball broadcasters at the Kansas City All-Star Game. Said Harry Caray of St. Louis when Chuck Estrada came in to pitch: "I thought he was a left-hander." Said George Bryson, Cincinnati broadcaster: "It wasn't until today that I found out Bill Skowron bats right-handed." . . . Olympic Official George Heinonen walked out in the second inning of a major league baseball game, observed: "Why should I sit around and watch a bunch of fat men who are obviously out of condition?"

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**CAROLYN HOUSE, 14**, representing L.A. Athletic Club, posted new American swim record of 15:45 for women's 1,500-meter freestyle at Indianapolis AAU meet, bettered previous mark of 20:28.4 set by Sylvia Ruzicka of Berkeley, Calif. (see page 12).



**GEZA VASS**, former Hungarian air force lieutenant now living in Hawaii, kept his Schweitzer 126-C sail plane aloft near Honolulu 36 hours and 5 minutes, at altitudes ranging from 3,600 to 12,000 feet, claimed new U.S. glider endurance record.



**DOTY CAMPBELL**, a Seattle bank clerk representing the Sun Valley Ski Club, swam through 33-gate woman's giant slalom in 44.3 in the annual midsummer Heather Cup championships on Washington's Mount Baker, took event for third consecutive year.



**BOB GARDNER** of Knollwood (N.Y.) Country Club won four-round Ike Golf Tournament at New York's Tropicana Club with 264 score, second-best in tournament's history, took title by three strokes over Jerry Courville of Shrewsbury (Conn.) Club.



**NATALIE STEWARD**, 17, of Rhodesia, broke the listed world's record for women's 100 yard backstroke by speeding distance to 1:11.1 in British Olympic Trials at Blackpool, erased previous mark of 1:11.6 set by Judy Grisham of Britain in 1953.



**DAVE HIGAMNIK**, 21, University of Pennsylvania graduate who quit his job two weeks previously to concentrate on fencing, swept through final round without a loss to capture 46th individual title in national fencing championships at New York.

## BASEBALL'S BAD NEIGHBOR

Many a small boy, lost in the delightful distractions of juvenile existence, gets a first unpleasant inkling of the iniquities of the adult world when an angry and seemingly unreasonable parent forbids him to play in a neighbor's backyard. "I don't care how much fun you have with Johnny or how nice he is, I just will not have you going to *that* house any more," the parent may say, and the small boy is left to wonder in innocent frustration why he should pay the penalty for another's crimes. This is about what happened to baseball last week when the officials of the International League decided to pull its Havana Sugar Kings out of Cuba.

It may seem to be stretching an analogy to

equate the U.S. national game or its rawboned representatives in the minor leagues with a small boy. Nevertheless, just as play between kids in a suburban backyard helps foster acquaintance between neighboring parents, play between the Sugar Kings and their visiting opponents in Havana over the last six years has helped the people of Cuba and the people of the U.S. mainland get to know each other a little better. Such acquaintance, however, can either ripen into friendship and understanding or sour into contempt and distrust, and in Cuba's backyard it has taken the latter course. While Cuban fans and players have embraced the *Yanqui* game, the uncordial atmosphere generated by Havana's hysterical housekeeper, Fidel Castro, has made visiting U.S. teams feel less and less welcome. Last week officials of the International League noted that Juanito might be a very nice boy, but nonetheless forbade further play in Fidel's backyard. The Sugar King franchise was transferred to Jersey City. Remarkably enough, all of the team's Cuban players came with it.

This decision seems amply justified, and we are happy to have the Havana D.P.s in this country. To many Americans whose interest is more readily engaged by sports than by international politics their arrival should be a revealing indication of just how bad a neighbor Mr. Fidel Castro has become.

## SPORT'S GOOD COMPANIONS

Like any other domicile of cohabitation, the world of sport is sometimes riven by the angry contention of the male that the female has no proper place in it. There are males who claim, as did Australia's famed track coach Percy Cerutti not long ago (SI, April 11), that sport spoils women because its hard physical exactions tend to make men of them. There are other males who claim, as did a New York sports columnist only last week, that women spoil sport because they are not men, *viz.*, "The best woman tennis player would take a lacing from an old club pro or a young male amateur." It is not our purpose to start bickering with either of these obstreperously Victorian points of view. There is evidence enough

in words and pictures on the pages that follow to silence both of them—we hope—for good.

But since this is the season for constructing platforms and taking strong stands thereon, we think it appropriate that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED make a firm statement of its policy regarding women. We do not think women are men—or ever will be. We are happily aware that their approach to sport—as to many other aspects of life—is often more feminine than masculine. Indisputably, there are certain notable differences between, say, Trish Galvin and Yogi Berra. Having noted these differences, not unpleasantly, we welcome women in the world of sport with open (if aruncular) arms. For those who find their presence unbearable, there is always the sanctuary of the men's locker room.



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glad you use  
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

# GIRLS ON THE GO-GO-GO

It was a hectic week for women athletes  
—in flying, swimming and track and field

by **HUSTON HORN**

**A** MERICAN women took over the world of sport last week—in the air, in the water and on the land: Pflurupp! (more or less) went the checkered flag as the starter whipped it downward. Mrs. Patricia Gladney of Los Altos pointed her Cessna 180 lightplane upwind and the 16th annual All Woman Transcontinental Air Race was off into southern California's baby-blue sky.

Sssh! (in suspense) went the crowd at the Olympic track and field try-outs in Abilene, Texas. Mrs. Olga Fikotova Connolly, late of Czechoslovakia, gracefully dispatched, with a ladylike grunt, the discus 172½ feet 4¼ inches.

Crack! (quite distinctly) went the gun for the 200-meter backstroke at the women's national AAU swimming meet in Indianapolis. Miss Lynn

AT OKLAHOMA CITY REFUELING STOP IN POWDER PUFF GERRY, COPILOT SOPHIA PAYTON SPRINTS TO PLANE AFTER CHECK-OUT



Burke of Santa Clara, Calif., precisely 2 minutes and 33.5 seconds later, hurled to the surface of the huge Broad Ripple pool shouting with the intuition of her sex: "That's it! That's it! My first real world record!"

The girls were well into their big athletic week.

After one last tuck at her brunette curls, Pat Gladney, while first aloft in the women's air race commonly known as the Powder Puff Derby, was but one of the 150 pilots and copilots pushing 79 planes cross-country. Sponsored by the Ninety-Nines, an all-girl flying association whose membership once included the late Amelia Earhart, this year's derby was routed on a gently sweeping curve from Torrance, Calif., across the Southwest, center-cornered over the length of Tennessee and

through Virginia to Wilmington, Del. To win the race is to stay on course, to cut the sharpest corners and to extract the utmost speed over the normal rating of the planes. Mrs. Fran Bera, a four-time winner of the race who wound up sixth in this one, summed up the pilots' alternatives: "You can't take chances and gamble—then, again, you can't chicken out, either."

Within the wide latitude of these two electives, a number of the ladies still went wrong. High over the Arizona desert, for instance, Mrs. Velma Del Giorno of Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich. and Mrs. Helen Wetherill of Detroit found themselves off course and out of gasoline. They violated rule one when they gambled they could find aviation fuel on the Navajo reservation that was below them,

and, heap big disappointment, they lost. Luckier was another couple that, in similar straitened circumstances, set down on another Indian reservation. Resourcefully they tanked up on automobile gasoline, and, while almost chickening out but not quite, they proceeded by sputters to the next airport.

The 11 compulsory refueling stops along the derby route tested not only the pilots' ability to fly but also the copilots' ability to run. A good runner could make a difference, because time on the ground did not count after the plane's logbook had been stamped by a time clock. Thus, after landing as near as possible to the timing table on the airport apron, the pilot would eject her copilot at full tilt with logbook in hand. Understandably, there

*continued*

AT INDIANAPOLIS SWIM MEET, PATSY WILLARD PUTS ASIDE MEMORY OF RECENT DIVING INJURY, USES SAME DIVE TO WIN EVENT





CHEERFUL KAREN ANDERSON OLDHAM SET A NEW JAVELIN RECORD AT ABILENE

#### GIRLS continued

were casualties along the way. California's Mary Pinkney called in an orthopedic surgeon, for instance, and he discovered she had pulled a leg muscle sprinting for the time clock in Chattanooga. Betty Hicks, the golf professional, canceled a later engagement at the USGA Women's Open tournament, and her explanation was brief: stiff muscles. California's Ruth Nitzén and Margie James were disqualified in Prescott, Ariz. In her eagerness, Margie had leaped from the plane before the propeller stopped turning, a grievous infraction of race rules.

Every race has statistics, and the Powder Puff Derby does, too. One plane cracked up. Lois May Miles of Northridge, Calif., flying solo, was unable to lower her wheels over Ronoike and was obliged to pancake beside the runway, bringing applause from watching American Airlines pilots. One plane won. It was piloted by Mrs. Aileen Saunders of El Cajon, Calif. and June Douglas of Fall River, Mass., who made better than 15 knots over their rated speed. They

won last year, too. One plane won absolutely last, this one piloted by Betty Jane and Betty Alyce Farrell, sisters-in-law from California who somehow managed to average 32 knots slower than the plane's normal speed.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch in Abilene, Olga Connolly (an American citizen for only two weeks) had broken the listed American citizens' record in the discus. It lasted just long enough for Los Angeles' outsized ("I won't ever tell you how much I weigh") Earlene Brown to warm up. Then Earlene tossed the discus 4 feet 5½ inches farther than Olga had just done and 8½ inches farther than Olga did to win a gold medal in the 1956 Olympics. Olga was not overly depressed. She still finished in second place and she will still go to Rome, hand in hand with her husband Hal, the hammer-throwing man.

The Abilene trials followed by a week the national AAU women's track meet in Corpus Christi. Not everyone showed up in both places. Betty Laporini of San Mateo, Calif., though qualified for the Olympic try-outs, preferred to go home and enter

charm school. Nor did all of the 130 girls who did show up in Abilene find everything to their liking. There were dogs, cats and large-sized bugs in the dormitories, said some. There was monkey business, too, said Diana Gallardo of Los Angeles.

"I was scheduled to run in the 800-meter third heat," Diana heatedly protested, "yet one minute before the first heat I was told I was entered in that. I had my third-heat race all planned. I knew whom I was going to race against. As it turned out, I was forced to run with kids who had never been in the 800."

She wasn't pushed by the slower pace of the other contestants, Diana said, and she ran so badly she failed to qualify for the final heat.

"And I know why it happened, too," Diana added darkly. "It was because I had complained too much about the bad food and quarters we had in Corpus Christi. It was a deliberate way of getting even with me."

Maybe so, but nobody got even with Chicago's Willye B. White. On her first and only attempt, she sailed 20 feet 4½ inches for a new American broad-jump record and a seat on the plane to Rome. Willye B., let the record show, was somewhat discomfited when the distance was announced. First she raised up her voice and held a note in the neighborhood of F above high C. Then, in Act Two, she bent down and beat a tattoo on the ground. Finishing off, she opened her mouth again to render a fair imitation of a west Texas coyote. "I'm on my way," she was heard to say.

#### Some more Olympians

On their way, too, on the basis of their Abilene performances, are Karen Anderson Oldham, a javelin veteran of the 1956 Olympics who came back after four years of retirement, and four standout runners from Nashville's Tennessee State—Wilma Rudolph, Barbara Jones, Martha Hudson and Lucinda Williams—strong favorites to win gold medals. And if gold medals were awarded for pecan harvesting, Earlene Brown would be a favorite in that. As she was telling and showing the Texas people before she left: "First you take ahold of the tree trunk, see, you give it a good shake or two, and . . ."

Meanwhile again, back at the swimming pool in Indianapolis, Lynn

Burke, one of the members of the Santa Clara Swim Club, had come to the nationals with a plastic, red-and-green toy frog. This mascot observed most of the meet from the starting blocks, where he stood on his own two feet. Every bit as self-sufficient, the Santa Clara team set four American records and two world records. Lynn, for her part, picked herself up from a sunstroke on Saturday and on Sunday added a world record in the 100-meter backstroke to her previous record in the 200-meter. Chris von Saltza, another member of the team, set American records for the 100-, 200- and 400-meter freestyle. And Ann Warner set an American record for the 200-meter breaststroke—breaking the one she set last year.

Having accomplished much of what they came for, the three Santa Clara swimmers withdrew a few feet to give the 194 other girls on hand a chance. Donna de Varona, a 13-year-old from Berkeley, Calif., was equal to the challenge and set a world record in the 400-meter individual medley. Told of her time before it was announced on the public address, Donna was temporarily nonplused but recovered quickly to say: "In that case, I think I'd better comb my hair."

Los Angeles' Carolyn House, though only 14, wrote down a lap-by-lap time plan for her 1,500-meter freestyle race and followed it so closely that she became the first American woman ever to swim the distance in less than 20 minutes. Handicapped

by extremely limited vision in her left eye, Carolyn explained how she bested Defending Champion Sylvia Ruuska: "Whenever I lost sight of Sylvia I just swam harder to make sure I would hold my lead."

But Carolyn was not the only girl who overcame a physical handicap to win in Indianapolis. Arizona's Patsy Willard was severely injured three weeks ago when she struck her head on the board during a dive. Her scalp required 57 stitches. Last week, with a pink dishpan sponge under her cap, she repeated the same dive she had missed before and won the title for the three-meter springboard. "I just tried not to think about what happened last time," Patsy said later. "Besides, I knew they had sewed me up real good."

END

TEENMATES CHRIS VON SALTZA, LYNN BURKE AND ANN WARNER SHARE COTTON CANDY AFTER SETTING SIX SWIMMING MARKS



# BASEBALL'S ONLY BIG LEAGUE

In both All-Star Games the National League proved  
it can play baseball much better than that other outfit

by WALTER BINGHAM

THERE will come a day, perhaps, when baseball will have two (or even three) major leagues. At the moment, it has only one—the National. Last week's two All-Star Games revealed how weak the American League has become.

The National League won the first game, played in Kansas City, 5-3, and the second, played in New York, 6-0. Willie Mays—who proved to everyone that he is still the finest player alive—hit a triple, single, double, single, home run and single in eight tries. Stan Musial (see pages 22-23) pinch-hit twice and had a single and a home run. Ernie Banks hit a home run, double and single. Eddie Mathews hit a home run. Ken Boyer hit a home run. So did Del Crandall. And there were eight other assorted hits, making a total of 22.

Meanwhile, 10 National League pitchers were holding the American, or Little, League to 14 hits—12 singles, one double and one home run. In the second game six pitchers combined to throw the shutout. On two occasions, Roger Maris, the American League's leading home run hitter, went out tamely with the bases loaded.

All-Star Game results have long been used as a launching pad from which the winning league and its followers could hurl boasts of their

superiority over the other. But because it was only one game a year, the losers usually could laugh it off. Now the American League has been defeated, and decisively, twice in three days, making nine times in the last 15 games. The American League is not laughing.

Furthermore, the American League will find no solace from recent World Series. The National League has won four out of six. Last year the Chicago White Sox were easily the best team in the American League, beating the Cleveland Indians by five games and the New York Yankees by 15. The National League had a close three-team race between the Los Angeles Dodgers, Milwaukee Braves and San Francisco Giants, which the Dodgers won in a playoff with the Braves. Yet the Dodgers had no trouble with the White Sox in the Series. They beat them so easily it was clear that either the second-place Braves or the third-place Giants could have done the same thing.

One reason for the current superiority of the National League is the decline of the Yankees, for years the standard bearer of the American League. Throughout the '30s, '40s and early '50s, when the American was the stronger of the two leagues, it was the Yankees who gave it that reputation. From 1932 to 1953 the



WILLIE MAYS, THE BEST BASEBALL

Yankees won 14 pennants and 13 World Series. Of the 10 other American League teams that have won pennants since 1932, only three have won the Series. The most disastrous blow to the league's prestige came in 1954. The Cleveland Indians, who had set an alltime American League record by winning 111 games during the season, lost four straight to the New York Giants.

It was in 1955 that the Yankees began to crack. The Dodgers, after years of trying, finally beat them in the Series. The Yankees got revenge the next year, but in 1957 they lost again, this time to the Braves. In 1958 the Yankees lost three of the first four games to the Braves before



PLAYER IN THE WORLD, SLIDES INTO THIRD WITH A STOLEN BASE AS FRANK MALZONE MAKES TAG TOO LATE IN SWIRL OF DUST

coming back to win. After the seventh game Casey Stengel told a group of reporters: "Well, now we've proved we had a good enough ball club to play in the National League." Obviously, he had worried that they hadn't.

#### Not the old Yanks

Now the Yankees, after their collapse last year, have returned as a power in the American League. But they are not the old Yankees, not the terrors of baseball. The National League had no trouble at all with them in the All-Star Games. The Yankee bloc (Maris, Mantle, Skowron and Berra batted in succession) managed only three hits, all singles,

in 18 at-bats for a .167 average. And Whitey Ford, the Yankees' best pitcher, gave up five hits, two of them home runs, thus losing the second game.

While the American League has weakened, the National League, thanks to a steady influx of talented Negro ballplayers, has improved. The National League has four times as many Negroes as the American has, and certainly all the outstanding ones. Perhaps this is because Jackie Robinson, the first Negro big leaguer, played in the National League. Maybe it is because American League club owners were slow in yielding to the changing times. In any case, the Negro ballplayer has made the National League a better league.

The top three hitters in baseball today—Henry Aaron, Willie Mays and Ernie Banks—are all Negroes and all in the National League. Not far behind stand Frank Robinson, Orlando Cepeda, Vada Pinson, Roberto Clemente and Bill White. Negro players have won the National League's most-valuable-player award nine times since 1949, including the last seven years in a row. During the last 13 years Negroes have won the National League's rookie-of-the-year award nine times. It is significant that in the seventh inning of the New York All-Star Game the National League fielded six Negroes at one time.

The American League has never had

*continued on page 61*

# THE SECRET OF BERMUDA

by CARLETON MITCHELL

*When 'Finisterre,' an unconventional little potbelly of a boat, won the Bermuda Race in 1956 yachtsmen declared her a 'rule-buster' that reaped enormous handicap benefits over competitors under the complex racing rules. When she did it again in 1958, shattering precedent, Mitchell himself modestly stated that the race was a gamble anyway. But when she won it this year for the third time in a row there was left only one explanation: superior skill and knowledge rode with her veteran captain and crew. Much of that knowledge Mitchell imparted before the race (SI, June 27), but there was one maxim he left out. Here it is now: a piece of strategy he considers the key to victory*

**I**F there is a single key to victory among all the variables that beset the skipper in the 635-mile race from Newport to Bermuda, it is the Gulf Stream—a mysterious force which has puzzled navigators and baffled scientists since the time when the Atlantic first became a charted sea.

To modern yachtsmen as to ancient mariners the Stream can be boon or bane. In ocean racing the fastest course is likely to be the shortest distance between two points, called the

rhumb line. But athwart the Newport to Bermuda line, some 1/3 of the distance down, flows this current of warm water, so powerful but so erratic that modern oceanographers sometimes compare it to the jet streams of the stratosphere. It can make or break a boat's chances of winning. Going in to the Stream too far west or too far east entails extra distance, and getting caught in an unfavorable meander means certain defeat.

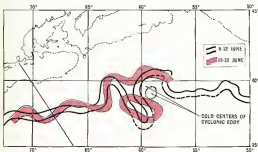
How can one turn to advantage a

fickle current flowing in a waste of water? To the layman it may seem impossible; actually, thanks to the interest and cooperation of scientists and sailors, the Gulf Stream is increasingly becoming a known quantity and, to a degree that is often surprising, a predictable one.

The chart at left shows one result of this research work: a picture of the Gulf Stream as it flowed and eddied between the Grand Banks and Cape Hatteras over a two-week period in 1950. Compiled by six research vessels making continuous observations for the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution in Woods Hole, Mass., it serves to illustrate some of the complexities that face the ocean racer as he plans the strategy and tactics which will take him across the Stream down to Bermuda.

Since the Woods Hole scientists keep the Stream under more or less continuous observation, they have sometimes been able in recent years to furnish the Bermuda contestants with a picture closely adapted to their needs. Thus, before the 1956 and 1960 races, they briefed contestants on the general characteristics of the Stream in the area where it would be encoun-

*continued*



THE RESTLESS MOTION of the Gulf Stream is graphically shown in this chart, which covers one two-week period in which current even formed a separate eddy.





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tered and furnished each boat with a chart based on recent sea and air reconnaissance. This year, for example, they told us that during April and May the Gulf Stream had remained "unusually steady," but that they had found "a counterclockwise eddy south of the Stream, centered in April at 36° north and 64° west. This eddy," they added, "may have wandered westward or disappeared"—but it was something to be aware of, and they gave us the currents observed (2 to 3 knots) and their flow in various positions.

In 1956 there was a verbal briefing, but no prediction was issued, so it became necessary to revert to the old guess-and-hope system. Yet in all three cases, for *Finisterre*, the same basic technique seemed to work: a combination of applying Woods Hole recommendations, a seat-of-the-pants feeling for the ocean, and prayer.

#### West of the rhumb

First, a course was laid westward of the rhumb line to a theoretical point labeled Point Able on the chart where, according to all assembled data, the northern limit of the Stream should be encountered. Our actual entry was established by water temperature readings. Immediately on entering the warmer water of the Stream we altered our heading to the Newport-Bermuda rhumb line compass course, hoping to bring the flow of current on the beam. Thermometer readings were continued at half-hour intervals; when a drop became apparent, we knew *Finisterre* should have arrived at Point Baker on the far side of the Stream. If all the variables worked in our favor, we would be set back on or close to the rhumb line, able to sail the shortest course to the finish.

In 1956 the track of the Stream was believed to be nearly at right angles to the course. Establishing the temperature of Continental Slope water (beyond the 100-fathom curve) with a sensitive thermometer, we found it a uniform 69° Fahrenheit. Between 10:30 and 11 p.m. Sunday it jumped 10°, and we knew we had entered the Stream 40 miles west of the rhumb line.

In 1958 the temperature gradient was less defined. For many hours the ocean water stood between 70 and

72°, then rose gradually, never exceeding 75°, so we did not experience the sharp rise, definitely proving contact. Yet, instinctively, in the pre-dawn hours of Monday we were sure *Finisterre* had entered the Stream. Collectively, those aboard had sailed in or through the Gulf Stream scores of times, and there is something about the feel of the sea—a short wicked bobble, confused in character and direction—which is unmistakable. This time we were 35 miles west of the rhumb line.

In 1956 and 1958 *Finisterre* entered the Stream alone, but this year 30 competitors were in sight, grouped around Point Able some 44 miles west. As predicted, we all found the favorable sector of a horseshoe-shaped flow which set us to the south and east, but not, as hoped, back to the rhumb line. At Point Baker, navigational fixes placed *Finisterre* 20 miles west, forcing a basic decision to abandon our competitors and revert to the race we thought best.

Thus, apparently, if there is a Gulf Stream secret rule of thumb it is to enter the Stream approximately 40 miles west of the rhumb line. Naturally, the weather is a factor in the decision. The lighter the breeze and the longer in the current, the greater the amount of drift. As Woods Hole has recorded velocities up to 5 knots in a 20-mile band near the axis, in faint airs a boat will be going sideways faster than she will be forging ahead. And to weather variables must be added the vagaries of the Stream itself. Scientists now consider it as a system of overlapping currents arranged somewhat like the shingles on a roof, rather than a flowing river. These currents shift in various directions and even form completely detached whorls.

Yet no matter how sailors may curse it, the Gulf Stream is not only the key to victory or defeat but the secret of the fascination and importance of the Bermuda Race, a hurdle adding zest to what would otherwise be a routine stretch of ocean. **END**

**THREE RACES** and three victories are shown in these diagrams of *Finisterre's* courses in 1956, 1958 and 1960. In each case Mitchell set his initial course west of the rhumb line and was then set back toward it when he entered the Gulf Stream. Biggest boost came in the 1960 race for *Finisterre's* grand third victory.







## Six for 6

Slashed his way to the top of the home run list at Yankee Stadium. Even when the game went wild, five times he never faltered. It was his sixth All-Star Game home run — a career-best he'd not even expected to make his. (Continued on page 10)

# Yorkshire Cannon

Any lingering and foolish foreign notion that cricket is a polite pastime for languid young toffs always is dispelled when All-England's Freddie Trueman pounds up to bowl. Like fellow Yorkshireman Sam Small, who was stubborn enough to believe he could fly and did, Freddie thinks he can transform his 190-pound frame into a cannon—and he very nearly can. Hair flying wildly, he takes a 20-yard run-up (1), rears back (2) and rifles the rock-hard ball toward a batsman at a speed of 90 mph.

*Photographs by Derek Bages*





An aerial, black-and-white photograph capturing a high-speed hydroplane race. Numerous sleek, racing boats are seen from above, moving diagonally across the frame from the upper left towards the lower right. Each boat leaves a prominent, white, foamy wake behind it, creating a series of parallel white lines that contrast sharply with the darker water. The boats vary in size and design, typical of early 20th-century racing vessels. The overall perspective is from a high altitude, looking down at the competitors.

# Potpourri of Power

Trading long, foamy wakes, a potpourri of powerboats arranges for the Inland Waterway at the start of the Gold Coast Marathon. The race, a rugged 121-mile from Miami to West Palm Beach and back, was won for the second straight year by Bob Seever, who survived a swing up a dead-end canal to triumph in a hydroplane.

(Photograph by *Life*—Kessel—Miami Herald)







## D for Democrat

"He was too light, and he wasn't fast," a friend said of this raggedy 9-year-old end for the 1926 Dexter School football team, "but he was tough." Last week Jack Kennedy, faster, heavier and better-dressed, but still tough, became the Democratic candidate for President.

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# THE DELICATE MISS TRISH

With the poise of a princess and the daring of a dragon, California's Trish Galvin has swept into the royal enclosure of riding's classic dressage

By ALICE HIGGINS

THE stunning young lady at the left, coolly appraising her horse, might well be a Hollywood starlet dressed for a riding part in a movie. She is, actually, Patricia (Trish) Galvin, the U.S.'s top Olympic dressage rider, and her real-life role is every bit as dramatic and as specialized as any on the screen.

Last week in Aachen, Germany at Europe's largest horse show, Trish played a triumphant scene worthy of a movie script. Before 40,000 spectators, she became the first American ever to win the Grand Prix de Dressage and the title of leading rider in the Aachen show. In so doing, she not only defeated one of her coaches, Sweden's Henri St. Cyr (a two-time Olympic champion) but, in a competition within the Aachen competition, firmly trounced her American rivals for the top place on the U.S. Olympic dressage team. The climax was wide-screen and glorious Technicolor. When Trish and her horse Rath

Patrick joined the traditional farewell parade, the bands played and all 40,000 spectators waved their handkerchiefs and sang out, "*Auf Wiedersehen*." Trish's star billing in this demanding sport is now well assured.

Singapore-born Trish Galvin is the oldest child of widely traveled parents. Her mother, Patricia, is a British citizen and her father, John, is (as he puts it) "one of the last of a species, a citizen of the British colonies—you know, that Empire they keep giving away, although I keep protesting at every gift." The Galvins now live on a show-place ranch in the Santa Ynez mountains near Santa Barbara, Calif., although they still own homes in such places as Hong Kong and Dublin. Trish became an American citizen in 1956.

She is a small, almost fragile-appearing brunette whose reserve generally makes as pleasing an impression as her stylish riding. Behind the shining good looks and the delicate grace, however, there is great strength—strength dedicated to the hard work and long hours that horses demand. When Trish decided to go out for the Olympic team, she gave up nearly all of the social pleasures read-

ily available to a wealthy and beautiful youngster. She once turned down a chance to be presented to England's Queen Elizabeth because it would have interfered with her training program.

In manners and early education Trish Galvin is a product of the Sacred Heart, the order of Catholic nuns whose schools and convents are established around the world. The Galvin entourage almost always includes a priest, usually Irish and knowledgeable about horses. (In addition to blessing Trish and her horse before they go into the ring, he will happily perform this same service for other competitors.) One of Trish's distant cousins was the late Bishop Edward Galvin, founder of the Columban Fathers, a missionary order of priests with headquarters in Ireland and Nebraska. The bishop, Galvin says, may be eventually investigated for elevation to sainthood.

Aside from the discipline of school, Trish studied ballet four days a week until she was 18. Then horses won her away from the dance. However, she still goes through the dance positions regularly to tone her muscles and for relaxation. It is a routine she learned from her mother, who, before her marriage, studied in Shanghai with Goncharov, the Russian ballet master responsible for such excellent ballerinas as Margot Fonteyn. This training, Trish's father believes, has given her

continued

Photograph by Jerry Cooke

**DRESSED FOR DRESSAGE.** Trish slips on her gloves and prepares to inspect Rath Patrick's tack before riding into the ring.

an enormous advantage in riding. "People see Trish, so fragile looking," he says, "and they think she can't have the strength to ride well. They don't know about her training, about the leg power of a well-trained dancer. But when I see Trish's toe turn out—in a ballet position, you know—I'm sure she is giving her horse a real good squeeze."

Trish's rapid rise in a sport generally considered the special province of the older, mature horseman has

instructions read like an ancient treasure map: "Walk from H to G . . . halt at X and back three steps . . ." and so on.

But the very precision of these instructions establishes a standard of discipline, polish and fluid grace from the horse and subtle skill from the rider, whose signals to his mount are supposed to be imperceptible. Thus the test becomes the ultimate refinement of a horse's natural movements, the quintessence of *training*, which is what the word *dressage* means. Such equestrian paragoes are not produced

co. (They arrived there via Australia, Hong Kong, Switzerland and Ireland.) She then started competing in West Coast three-day events, which consist of a modified dressage test, an endurance ride and stadium jumping. Good dressage horses and instruction in the art of cueing them are not readily available in California. So John Galvin, a man noted for his directness, decided that the first step was to get the best horses.

He bought Juli, on whom Henri St. Cyr had won the Olympic gold medal in Stockholm, as well as St. Cyr's second horse, *Perfekt*. Later he added a third St. Cyr horse to the Galvin string—*Le Marquis*. Simultaneously, Galvin was importing Irish-bred hunters for his daughter and other U.S. riders of his choice who lacked quality mounts. All settled in to train on Galvin's 33,000-acre ranch near Santa Barbara.

In September 1957 the Galvin entourage headed eastward to Colorado Springs for the National three-day test. There Trish gained a measure of national fame by becoming the first woman in the U.S. ever to finish the exhausting event (SI, Sept. 30, 1957). She finished fourth, sufficiently impressing her male competitors for them to present her with a special cup. All agreed she would soon be pushing them for top honors. But the following year there were two setbacks. First, it was definitely decided that women would not be eligible for the Pan American three-day event. Then, at Pebble Beach during a three-day test, Trish's mount spilled her, injuring her leg and grounding her for six weeks. John Galvin had the horse destroyed. "If Trish can't ride it," he said, "then the horse is dangerous, and I don't want anyone else hurt."

Recovered, Trish turned her full attention to Grand Prix dressage, and John Galvin continued to add U.S. equestrians. Candidates for the Olympic team were invited to train on his ranch, extensive facilities were built and Galvin himself continued to scoop up horses of reputation that were for sale anywhere in the world.

The U.S. equestrian team suddenly had an unexpected angel. Soon Galvin horses were on all three of the riding squads. (Besides Trish's victory at Aachen, *Night Owl*, owned by Mrs. Galvin and ridden by George



AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW, THE GALVINS (CENTER) ADD A HORSE TO THEIR STABLE

left some breathless, others envious but all in agreement that her own elegance and Rath Patrick's élan make a memorable combination. In an Olympic dressage test, such as Trish won at Aachen, each rider performs individually before a panel of judges, who score without comparing notes. The ride lasts 12 minutes and includes 33 different movements performed in a rectangle 20 by 60 meters which is marked off by letters. It is the most esoteric of the equestrian arts and, to the uninitiated, the in-

overnight, yet Trish's swift success could lead one to think so.

Trish actually turned her full attention to Grand Prix dressage only after it was apparent that she would not be able to make the U.S. Pan American or Olympic three-day team—for the simple but exasperating reason that the satraps of these sports were not about to amend their ban on female participants. She had won local fame in California horse shows in junior jumping classes after the Galvin family settled in San Francis-

Morris, won the jumping title.) Galvin had become the man behind the USET just as his daughter was winning her place in dressage.

One thing John Galvin still wanted for Trish, and still lacked, was the perfect horse. He searched the world and then, ironically, found the animal in his adopted state. Irish-bred Rath Patrick, now Trish's favorite, was owned by Leonard Lafond, a member of the 1956 Canadian Olympic team who suffered a heart attack soon after the Games. Lafond retired to California and, unable to ride,

which Trish was entered for her first public Grand Prix ride. But when Trish and Rath Patrick came into the ring a cloudburst came with them. "Every now and then," Galvin recalls, "Trish would emerge from behind a curtain of water. You couldn't even see the other end of the ring." But Challan-Belval saw enough to put Trish in first place. After watching her again the following day, without the distractions of a deluge, he agreed with Lafond and St. Cyr that Trish had that certain something it takes to make a topflight dressage rider.

rick she won both the S Test (S for *seurer*, meaning difficult) and the Grand Prix. The German press called her a princess, and a movie studio offered her a contract. In Dortmund she did not win the Grand Prix, but the audience showed how much they admired this lovely stranger. During the competition she celebrated her 21st birthday, and the spectators, 25,000 strong, stood and sang *Happy Birthday*.

In a few weeks Trish Galvin will be competing in Rome, the final test of her skill and the dream of her deter-



IN HER FIRST BIG THREE-DAY COMPETITION AT COLORADO SPRINGS, TRISH SAILS CLEANLY OVER JUNK OBSTACLE ON RATH PATRICK

looked around for a rider measuring up to his standards. In less time than it takes a horse to whisk off a fly, Rath Patrick and Lafond were at John Galvin's ranch and Trish was on Rath Patrick. The combination was electric.

Galvin was shrewd enough to realize, however, that perfect combinations at home can turn into fizzes in competition. For an unprejudiced and expert view, he flew France's top dressage rider, Challan-Belval, to California to judge a competition in

Trish went on to the Pan American Games, where she was the upset winner of the dressage gold medal for the U.S., and Galvin then decided that it might be wise to discover just how she looked against the Europeans. The Rome Olympics was the next target, and Europeans traditionally have dominated Olympic dressage.

So Trish, Rath Patrick, Juli and Le Marquis went to Berlin and into the toughest of competition. Trish just plain took Berlin. On Rath Pat-

rick she won both the S Test (S for *seurer*, meaning difficult) and the Grand Prix. The German press called her a princess, and a movie studio offered her a contract. In Dortmund she did not win the Grand Prix, but the audience showed how much they admired this lovely stranger. During the competition she celebrated her 21st birthday, and the spectators, 25,000 strong, stood and sang *Happy Birthday*.

END

## SPECTACLE

Paintings by Henry Koehler

# SUN ON SAILS AND SEA



BRIGHT HULLS clustered on the shallow beaches, the gold light of a hazy sky dissolving in the silky waters, the slow roll of Pacific swells and shafts of light refracted in the shifting prisms of the deep sea—these are the images that Henry Koehler, a young New York artist and a cruising skipper himself, recorded when 365 sailboats gathered at San Diego last year for the Southern California Yachting Association Regatta. The spectacle portrayed by Koehler on the cover and on the following pages flourishes again next week as the 1960 regatta gets under way at Balboa.

This yearly race meeting of the SCYA is more than a regatta. It is a celebration of the serene and sparkling sailing climate of southern California, and it attracts both coastal and inland competitors. Last year boats from as far away as Texas and Michigan were brought in by trailer. The competitors launched their boats from the docks and beaches of the San Diego Yacht Club, the Southwestern Yacht Club and the Mission Bay Yacht Club, the three sponsors of the event. Whenever there was a long break in the three-day program the skippers spread their sails ashore to dry, as Koehler noted in the sketch below. While the smaller boats sailed in the protected waters of San

Diego Bay and Mission Bay, bigger boats were catching the Pacific winds in Coronado Roads off Point Loma, the land in the background of the lower picture on the opposite page. These larger boats include the famous West Coast design, the PCC, shown in the painting on page 36, as well as sleek Honolulu racers like *Kīrauan*, subject of the painting on page 38.

The splendid cruising in these waters has been the delight of sailors ever since the first of them, Juan Rodríguez Cabrillo, captain of a Spanish galleon, came up the coast from Mexico in 1542 and landed at San Diego. Sir Thomas Lipton, the famous America's Cup yachtsman, on a visit in 1904, gave the San Diego Yacht Club a silver challenge cup to show how highly he esteemed the yachting on this coast. The thousands who have sailed their craft here since are in complete agreement.





**D**inghies pulled up on the beach (above) make a colorful pattern at the edge of Mission Bay. At left: young sailors and their tiny Sabots are caught in the hot glow of the afternoon sun



**R**egatta flags flying above the odd gray shapes of a wind gauge and a loudspeaker at the Mission Bay Yacht Club signal the opening day of the Pacific Coast and Southern California Yachting associations' race meet



**T**he excitement of a regatta is captured in the pattern of sails as Pacific Cruising Club sloops charge past the committee boat before the start. Out at sea, sailors aboard "Santana" sprawl about the cockpit (right), intent on racing duties. Below: the sails of an ocean-going yawl reflect colors from the surface of the Pacific





**A**t the end of the day's racing, "Kirawan" heads toward San Diego, her crew at ease, her big genoa barely filling in the breeze



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ADVERTISING ILLUSTRATION July 21, 1968 39

# A BARBER WITH A RAZOR EDGE

by RAY CAVE



**Golf's Jerry Barber is a combative little man who has made persistence pay off**

GOLF'S most startling performances are being turned in these days by a lively-tongued, likable Lilliputian named Jerry Barber. At 44, an age when the majority of touring professionals are nostalgically consigned to the rear ranks of the old guard, this 5-foot 5-inch gentleman from California is beating the best. Thanks to a powerful and unusual swing, a disciplined, analytical approach to the game and a touch of competitive malice in an otherwise peaceable personality, Barber has played well enough to win \$30,000 in the last six months.

What's more, he is getting better. "Right now I have the keenest desire to win I have ever had," he says. "Lots of other fellows have won the big ones. I think it's my turn." After years of muscle-building exercises and ignoring "all those who said I was too old and too small," Jerry Barber has become golf's mouse that roared.

Barber uses a battered bunch of nine-year-old irons with chunks of lead set into circular holes in the back of the clubheads. His woods are in worse shape—the holes are unplugged. The head of his ancient putter has fallen off twice out of sheer fatigue. Wielding this archaic equip-

ment is a mere 137 pounds of man, compared, say, to Ben Hogan's 160 pounds (and they call him Bantam Ben) or Mike Souchak's 200. Hair has deserted half the Barber head, spectacles attest to nearsightedness, and the crow's feet at the corners of his eyes are so deep they seem branded in. When he glares with displeasure in his thin-tipped fashion, he looks more like an aging, irritated algebra teacher than an athlete. This illusion of incompetence vanishes when Barber steps up to a golf ball. He plants the left foot solidly, leans in a little from the right and grips the club firmly in large hands backed by massive wrists and forearms. His backswing is the picture of rhythmic ease; his downswing is an explosion that puts his drives out with all but the very longest hitters. He is a master of the chip and the short approach shot, and his putting is generally conceded to be the best in the pro ranks today.

"Aw, knock the ball in"

Barber began his big year with a dramatic putt on the final hole of the Yorba Linda Open in January. Playing the last round with Billy Maxwell and Julius Boros, he seemed to have an unbeatable lead until Maxwell sank an eight-iron on the 18th hole for an eagle 3.

Things like this had happened to Barber before. He once had a 19-

stroke lead rained out in the Los Angeles Open. Another time Souchak birdied the last six holes to beat him by a single stroke. In all, he had won only two tournaments in 12 years on the tour, and none since 1954.

Maxwell's eagle stunned Barber. Now he had to sink a tough 12-footer to win. "I guess I'm just not supposed to win a tournament," he whispered to Boros. "Aw, knock the ball in the hole," Julius told him. Putting almost carelessly, Barber went ahead and sank it.

The victory putt earned him an invitation to the Tournament of Champions at Las Vegas. He broke the tournament record there by seven strokes and won again. He lost the De Soto Open by one stroke ("stupidity"), set a course-record 63 while finishing second at Indianapolis and had a chance to win the National Open until the 12th hole of the last round. "The wheels stopped turning," he later told members of Los Angeles' Wilshire Country Club, where he is home pro.

The Wilshire Country Club plays a major role in Jerry Barber's life. He has been a pro there for six years but, unlike almost all touring professionals, Barber's affiliation with his club is a real and demanding one. He plays on the tour only seven months a year. The other five he stays at Wilshire, where his time is given to the incessant daily demands made on any club

professional. In six years he has not had a vacation.

"It is almost impossible to be a club pro and play the circuit too," Barber said the other day as he sat behind his glass-topped desk in a corner of the Wilshire pro shop. "And you won't believe me, but being on the tour is easier."

Barber had arrived at 8 a.m., on this typical morning at Wilshire. In the first hour he told a salesman what he thought of a new split-soled golf shoe ("Improve it"); he made three phone calls trying to replace a club lost from a member's bag; he sold a golf shirt ("You'll like it, sir"); he nodded understandingly as one member complained about another's handicap; and he explained once again, this time to the chairman of the greens committee, how he happened to lose the National Open.

In the next hour he continued alternating between being a brisk, able executive and a deferential employee. He set up a system to keep caddies out of the club storage room, told a Western Union operator that if she would stop talking and listen she'd understand his message, took phone calls for two members on the course and graciously explained, for the nth time, when asked how he lost the Open. ("Funny," he recalled later. "Nobody ever says, 'That was a great first three rounds.' They always

say, 'What happened the last day?'"

At 10 a.m. he started giving lessons. The fourth-leading money winner in the country, Barber still charges only \$5 per half hour of teaching. Occasionally, when the pupil shows little progress or is a youngster apparently without much money, Barber somehow forgets to send a bill at all.

Giving lessons costs him valuable practice time, "but this is part of being a club pro," he says. "It's a duty I wouldn't shirk."

#### "Just a couple of jerks"

Barber is a good teacher, making his points in memorable fashion. He can do it formally with those he doesn't know: "Your right hand is a weed, Mr. Brown. It's choking your swing. . . . Don't move your legs, sir, unless you want to hit the ball with them. . . . If you must hit with your right hand, Mr. Brown, use your *other* right hand."

He is less formal with those he has met before: "A golf club is a tool, Luke, but stop using it like a plumber's wrench. . . . Moving the body to the right is passé. It went out with the hoopskirt. . . . You're jumping at the ball like a wild dog in a meat house. . . . As the Arab said when he found his ball in a sand trap, that's more like it."

And sometimes he is not formal at all: "Stop acting like a Mau Mau,

Roger. That's a golf club, not a machete. . . . That swing was just a couple of jerks. You were one of them. . . . Sam Snead fell out of bed and found his golf game, but you and I will have to practice, I fear."

"Sirs" speckle his conversation like pepper on a Caesar salad, and his occasional profanity verges on the mid-Victorian. "Dad-blamed, sir," he may say, or, "Confound it."

Yet he is often a Barber with a razor's edge, the line between his humor and verbal baling being exceedingly thin. When an errate-swinging Wilshire member asked him for "five seconds of advice" he smilingly replied: "Find a couch, sir, lie down and forget the game." To another he had bested in a small bet he said: "Don't worry, sir, if I had your money I'd burn mine." When asked to participate in a major golf clinic he inquired: "My crooked old swing won't embarrass you, will it?" knowing full well his crooked old swing was in much demand.

Perhaps because his own remarks can cut, he is overly alert to implied slurs from others. He looks for insults with the pugnacious sensitivity of the little man. Certain words—small, old, missed, can't—are like red flags and the user had best beware if he applies them to Barber.

He has a way of offering his opin-

continued



SEVEN SMILING BARBERS crowd a couch in the living room of their new Los Angeles home. From left are

Sally, 8; Jerry's wife, Lucile; Sandra (Sally's identical twin sister); Roger, 2; Jerry; Nancy, 14; and Tom, 17.

ions outspokenly and has made his share of enemies in the process. He has told officials of more than one company that their merchandise was shoddy and he would have no truck with it, and he has proudly turned down money owed him when he felt the payment was being offered grudgingly.

After a half-hour lunch—a fruit bowl—on that same day at Wilshire, Barber played 18 holes with a vice-president of the club, shooting 3 under par, and then returned to work in the pro shop.

It wasn't until 7 p.m. that he climbed into his white Cadillac and headed for his new \$35,000 home in the Los Angeles suburb of La Canada. He had put in an 11-hour day and had not found time for a single practice shot, though he practices more than almost any touring pro.

With two jobs Barber, in effect, leads two lives, bringing to each the meticulous attention to detail which has led him to success. "Lots of fellows have more golfing talent than I do," he says, "but they haven't worked as hard."

Barber was one of nine children of a Jacksonville, Ill. farmer. His home was near a public golf course. When he was 6 he and his two brothers built a four-hole course of their own in the family orchard, with buried

tomato cans serving as cups. "From that time on I wanted to be a golf pro," he says.

By his late teens he was playing par golf by day and working 10 hours as a printer at night. In 1940 he turned professional and after the war opened a driving range in Los Angeles. Friends remember how he used to play practice rounds on the local public courses from the back tees with the old dead golf balls so that his shots felt livelier in tournaments; how he had a British temper which has long since mellowed into a superficial blandness worthy of a bishop—grunting even a bishop certain leeway in a sand trap—and how he practiced, practiced, practiced.

They tell of nondrinker Barber winning a bottle of whiskey in a small tournament and smashing it on a rock. A Los Angeles economist, Dr. Loring McCormick, was so shocked at this display of wanton destruction that he took Barber in hand, teaching him, in effect, how to grow up.

But it took—of all things—a Cameroonian hair sheep to get Barber on the professional tour. In 1947 a Los Angeles amateur golfer named Don McCallister discovered that the hide of the *Ovis jubata* could be used to make a full-fingered, skintight golf glove.

McCallister persuaded a Los Angeles company to make him a few samples and took Barber in as a business partner to help merchandise the new

gloves. Barber took the samples to Tucson, where the touring pros were playing.

The gloves were so well received that Barber urgently called home for more. The harassed manufacturer had to make the next batch out of skins dyed in gaudy pastel colors which had originally been intended for ladies' dress gloves. These turned out to be even more popular. Not only had Barber and McCallister started a profitable glove business, they had accidentally helped the trend toward gaily colored golf equipment.

With the small but steady income from the glove royalties, Barber, now 31 and the father of two young children, decided he could at last try the tour himself. "My friends told me I was a knothed," he recalls somewhat bitterly. "They all said good luck, but not a one said he thought I would make good."

#### The solar plexus of the wrist

By 1955 he had, to a degree, made good. He had been fourth-money winner in 1954 and earned a place on the Ryder Cup team but, far more important, "I was finally learning a little about golf," he says. "I had met a man named Tom Brandon who taught me more about clubs than anybody else knows. The littlest detail about golf clubs can be vital to your game."

"I set myself a physical training schedule. I now do 120 push-ups a day and exercise with a 25-pound dumbbell, a 10-pound weight tied to a broom handle, a golf club shaft attached to a pulley, and spring-type hand grippers. Each of my exercises has been designed to aid specific muscles used in golf."

"If I had known how important conditioning is I would have started exercising years ago. Right now I'd like to go away for six months and be a health faddist. Then I'd come back and—pow!" he says, banging his fist into the imaginary solar plexus of the entire world.

It was also about 1955 that he discovered crucial elements of the Barber swing (see box). He started taking notes on his shots in tournament practice rounds, pacing off the distances to landmarks on each hole, and then sketching the course to see how it could best be played with his game. He likes to call these notes

## BASICS OF THE BARBER SWING

How does a man so small hit a ball so far? Jerry Barber does it with a different kind of golf swing, one which he says took 10 years to develop. He now feels it is the most simple and practical swing for all golfers, regardless of size or ability. Here are four fundamentals of the Barber swing:

- The stance is slightly more open than normal. The feet are well spread and are far enough back from the ball to get them squarely under the body.
- The right knee is cocked inward, bearing the right leg. The weight is essentially on the inside of the right foot forward of the instep and on the outside of the left foot toward the heel.



strength of the whole body is ready and able to move instantaneously to the left, down into the shot and right through toward the hole.

- The wrists start to cock the instant the left arm moves the clubhead from the ball and are fully cocked before reaching the top of the backswing (instead of the usual cocking at or near the top of the backswing).

- There is no leg action to the right or shifting of the weight to the right. The right leg remains braced. The backswing is virtually confined to the arms, shoulders and chest, resulting in a bare minimum of body turn. Thus, when the downswing begins, the

continued





MR. AND MRS. BARAD WERE AT MARTHA SLEEPER'S STORE IN OLD SAN JUAN WHEN TOM HOLIFIELD CAPTURED THIS SHOT

## "Mel spotted that Rum Collins and all shopping stopped"

—writes Susan Barad, who learned the magnetic power of the Rum Collins in Puerto Rico.

I NEVER thought I'd be frustrated by a Rum Collins. But I was.

Mel had been buzzing all over Puerto Rico inspecting sites for a textile plant. But finally I persuaded him to come shopping in Old San Juan. He behaved like a lamb till he saw that Rum Collins. Then—no more shopping.

I must admit Mel had some excuse. He was tired, poor dear. And that dry, white Puerto Rican rum gives a long

drink the zip and tangle of a cocktail.

One bartender told us that Puerto Rican rum got its extra dry zip from being distilled at high proof. Another said it was the aging that did it. A third said, "Piffle! It's all because of our mountain water."

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*The "hopper" hops of Red Cap Ale—shown growing above.*

"my brains" and often during actual tournament play will be seen referring to them and stepping off yardage to his landmarks.

He has had oversize lenses made for his glasses so that the frames don't bother him when he putts. His clubs have special handmade grips, and he even goes so far as to change shoes from round to round because each pair "has different pressure points that might tire the feet."

Not since Hogan, has the game of golf been so thoroughly and scientifically attacked by one man. "Each day I learn something new," says Barber. "Each day I wonder how I could have been so stupid the day before."

"It's amazing what athletes don't know about their games. I'm a Dodger fan. I can tell why some of them don't hit. They have flaws in their swings that no golfer would tolerate."

"If he can do it, I can"

Now, in mid-1960, Barber has become an inspirational symbol to many golfers—"If that little guy can do it, so can I," they reason—and a favorite of the galleries. They find him cordial, approachable and, above all, a gentleman.

He plans to be on the golfing scene for some time. To those who claim he's too small, he says: "People who say they aren't big enough or talented enough are just looking for reasons not to try."

To those who point to his age, he says: "After 35, any game takes more work. The only question is, do you want to work that much harder? Most people quit because they have run out of desire, not because they are too old."

The best indication of how Barber has gotten where he is and how long he will remain there came while he was watching his son Tom hit some practice balls at Wilshire recently.

"Get your hands higher on the backswing, Tom," he said.

"I can't, Dad," answered the boy.

Anger flashed vividly across the father's face. Behind it were 500,000 practice shots, 200,000 push-ups and a thousand discouragements.

"Tell me you *can't*, son, or tell me you *don't*," said Jerry Barber. "But never, never tell me that you *can't*." **END**

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### PART III Teach Your Child to Swim

## THE BREASTSTROKE

*Though it was long ago supplanted by the crawl as the basic stroke, the traditional breaststroke is so easy and so restful that it remains today a valuable asset, an extra margin of safety, for the beginning swimmer. In the concluding lesson of his course, veteran Coach Matt Mann presents his methods for teaching the orthodox breaststroke to children*

by **MATT MANN**

*Illustrated by Ed Webb*

SIXTY YEARS ago, when I was a competitor, the breaststroke was the swimming stroke many instructors first taught to beginners. At that time the peculiar crawl style practiced by Pacific islanders had not been refined and was, in fact, barely known in the civilized world. Though the crawl, because of its greater efficiency, is broadly recognized today as the basic stroke, the breaststroke remains—and I venture that all instructors agree with me on this—a valuable part of the average swimmer's repertoire. Physically speaking, the breaststroke is an easy ac-

tion, very conducive to relaxation. Indeed, for a swimmer who achieves even reasonable competence it is a downright restful way to move through the water.

In presenting my methods for teaching the crawl and backstroke in the first two parts of this series, I cited a basic law of swimming: water is buoyant, air is not. It is this basic law that makes the breaststroke comparatively restful. In both the crawl and backstroke, because he must recover first one arm and then the other through unbuoyant air—and, in the crawl, turn the head to one

side for air—a swimmer is like a ship with a constantly shifting ballast. The breaststroke affords considerably more stability and flotation. For one thing, in the breaststroke the arms are never out of water, even on the recovery. The head is the only part of the body ever out of water, and even at that, to take air, the head is lifted straight to the front, not out of line to the side, as in the crawl. For another thing, in contrast to the alternating and essentially vertical action of arms and legs in the crawl, in the breaststroke the arms move in unison and the legs in unison through a somewhat horizontal plane, further improving the swimmer's stability. The flotation and stability of the breaststroke are such that a swimmer in fair condition can actually go quite a distance holding his head up so his nose and mouth are out of water all the time.

The underwater recovery of the arms and legs that contributes so much to the swimmer's flotation also, unfortunately, makes the breaststroke inefficient. By recovering under water, all four of the swimmer's limbs are to some extent opposing his forward progress for part of each cycle. Because of this, the all-important

*continued*



**MIDWAY THROUGH PRESS.** Marilyn's arms are traveling back and slightly downward. As she finishes press, her arms will be angling about 30° below the horizontal.

#### THE BREASTSTROKE *continued*

lesson, and the hardest for a beginner to learn, is timing—sneaking the recovery of the arms and legs into the cycle, so to speak, so they impede forward progress the least.

As in the crawl and backstroke, I first teach the pupil the kick. At the bottom of this page, Artist Ed Vebell has done a sequence of drawings looking directly up as my granddaughter Marilyn breaststrokes overhead. For the moment, you should ignore the arm action and consider only the legs, starting in the first drawing of the sequence, where the legs are fully extended, straight behind, as if Marilyn had just dived into the water. Since the breaststroke kick is essentially a thrusting action, obviously Marilyn must first recover her legs forward from this extended position before she can kick. In the recovery Marilyn flexes at the hips and knees and, keeping her heels fairly close together, draws her feet forward until, at the completion of the recovery, her upper and lower legs form a diamond, as shown in the third drawing. Marilyn's feet, legs and knees are in much the same position they would assume if she had stopped midway while doing a deep knee bend with her knees spread about 18 inches apart. To start the kick, pressing the soles of her feet flat against the water, Marilyn thrusts her legs back until they are again straight but with her feet apart (for a 9-year-old, about two feet apart), as shown in the fourth drawing below. Finally, she brings her extended legs back together (*fifth*

*drawing*), in effect closing a wedge that squeezes the water and tends to propel her forward. Before beginning the next recovery she glides for a moment on the momentum of the kick. While the kick can be divided mechanically into four parts—a recovery forward, a thrust back, a squeeze together and a glide—from the recovery through the squeeze

the action should flow uninterrupted.

I first show the pupil the mechanics of the kick on land, guiding her legs through the action and then having her try it without my guidance by sitting on the ground and leaning back, supporting her upper body on her elbows. For such practice, logically the pupil should lie prone, but since on the recovery the knees actually come up somewhat underneath the body, the correct prone position is impossible when first trying the kick on land.

As in the other strokes, the real practice of the kick is done in water. Since the breaststroke is now taught as a secondary stroke to pupils who already have learned the fundamentals of the crawl and are at ease in the water, I do not hold the pupil while she practices, but rather let her support her upper body on a kickboard. There are today kickboards made of synthetic materials and of balsa wood but, all told, I prefer the traditional, heavier pine boards, about two inches thick, 10 or 12 inches wide and two feet long. When



**1 BETWEEN STROKES.** Marilyn (here seen from directly below) lies streamlined while she glides through water, her arms extended ahead and legs in line to the rear, creating little resistance.



**2 TO PROPEL HERSELF.** Marilyn first presses her arms out and back, at the same time lifting her face to take a breath. While she presses with her arms, her legs remain extended so they do not impede her forward progress.

the pupil holds a board of this sort out at arm's length, the body is correctly level in the water and the board offers resistance that I feel best simulates actual swimming. As in the other strokes, the pupil should practice kicking until the action is virtually automatic, so she can next concentrate on the arm action without giving the legs much thought.

Mechanically speaking, the movement of the arms in the breaststroke, like the kicks, is a four-part action. For the correct arm action you should look again at the sequence at the bottom of the page, this time ignoring the movement of the legs. In the first drawing Marilyn's arms are extended to the front, as if she had just dived into the water. To propel herself she simply presses outward and back in an arc (*second drawing*). During the press she keeps her arms straight but not rigid. The arms do not sweep back in a shallow, horizontal plane, but rather, as shown in the drawing at the upper left, travel somewhat downward as they move back. At the finish of the press, when

the hands are a little past the line of the shoulder, the arms are angling down about 30° below horizontal.

There are two parts to the recovery of the arms in the breaststroke. First, by flexing her shoulders and elbows, Marilyn tucks her upper arms in fairly close to the body, at the same time sliding her hands in together. As she does this, the palms of her hands face the bottom so they create less resistance as they slip laterally through the water. In the second part of the recovery Marilyn thrusts her arms forward (*fourth drawing*). When her arms are fully extended, her hands together directly ahead of her (*fifth drawing*), she is ready to start the next press. Before pressing again, however, there is a pause, to glide. The pause of the arms is not as pronounced as that of the legs—the actual duration depends largely on the pace that the swimmer is setting. A good swimmer, moving very easily and very slowly, will glide with arms and legs extended for as long as a second.

If each of the parts of the arm

action coincided exactly with one part of the kick, the breaststroke would indeed be simple. The parts do not coincide, and most pupils have to practice kick and arm stroke together a good bit to get the correct timing down reasonably well. In the second drawing of Ed Vebell's sequence you can see that when Marilyn presses with her arms her legs are still extended, quite logically slipping through the water, offering as little resistance as possible while Marilyn propels herself with her arms. As she finishes pressing and brings her arms in toward her body, Marilyn is recovering her legs, drawing her feet forward. Then, as she executes the last part of the arm recovery, extending her arms to the front, she has thrust back with her feet and is squeezing her extended legs together. Finally, with both arms and legs extended and together, she pauses again, gliding before starting the next cycle.

The pupil can be taught the mechanics of the arm action on land, but proper coordination of arms and

continued



**3 IN THE RECOVERY** Marilyn flexes at the hips and knees to draw her feet forward. While doing this she starts arm recovery by dropping elbows and sliding forearms inward until her hands are in front of her face, palms down.



**4 THE KICK** starts as Marilyn thrusts her feet back vigorously until her legs are extended and her feet about two feet apart. As she begins to kick in this manner, she is completing the recovery of her arms by sliding them straight ahead of her.



**5 FINISHING STROKE**, Marilyn has squeezed her extended legs together again and, as in first drawing of series, she again glides for a moment before starting next stroke.

**DURING GLIDE** between strokes, following her head so the water breaks at about the hairline, Marilyn finishes exhaling air taken in on previous stroke.



**TO INHALE**, as the press of her arms back and slightly downward tends to lift her, Marilyn nicely tilts her face up to get her mouth above the water.



**AFTER FINISHING** the press, as arms move through the first part of another recovery, Marilyn's face is back down and she is starting to exhale again.



legs will only come with practice in the water. Since the timing is rather tricky, it is best for the pupil to concentrate on arms and legs without incorporating the action of the head. A child who is quite buoyant and completely at ease in the water can practice using arms and legs, holding her head out of water all the time, without any support from the instructor. If the head is up, the feet will tend to ride a bit low, but usually not so low as to spoil the rhythm or to keep the child from concentrating on the job at hand.

However, if your pupil seems tense and must work too hard to maintain a good body position, you should have her start practicing coordination of arms and legs with an inflated tube around her waist. The tube's resistance, true, nullifies somewhat the streamlining of the body that is so important during the glide, but this unnatural resistance is a worthwhile price to pay at the start to keep the pupil relaxed while she concentrates on the timing.

#### **Easy breathing**

Once a child gets arms and legs working fairly well, the head action is quite simple. At the end of the glide, as the arms start to press, the face is tilted up until the mouth is just clear of the water. The breath is taken while the arms press. Then, when the arms start to recover in toward the body, the face is turned back down and the swimmer exhales as the hands are thrust forward. When the face is submerged, it is not straight down but tilted slightly forward so that, as in the crawl, the waterline is about mid-forehead. Since water is incompressible, a slight "bow" wave develops, and if the swimmer is moving along at a fair clip, this wave will actually roll up a good way past the hairline.

Even when your pupil is combining head action with the stroke and kick, if she tends to work too hard or too fast you should let her use a tube so that she gets a good feel of the rhythm. Obviously, in this stroke, where timing and streamlining are so important, when finally she is going it alone your pupil will progress better taking two or three rhythmic strokes at a time, rather than struggling the length of a pool.

**END**



## Gift of the Gold Cup

**Dotted Swiss was light and lucky at Hollywood Park, in a week when a speedy newcomer was the talk of California racing fans**

THERE is no point in pretending that last week's \$162,100 Hollywood Gold Cup was one of the great races of the year in addition to being one of the richest. However, when C. V. Whitney's Dotted Swiss coasted home four lengths ahead of Bagdad, aided by a weight concession of 15 pounds, an old controversy was revived. Why do some tracks weight horses for major handicaps weeks and even months before the event takes place?

Dotted Swiss didn't race at all until he turned 3. Then ankle trouble limited him to four starts, only one of which he won. Suddenly, at Hollywood Park this summer, he let everyone know that he felt like running. On June 28 he carried 124 pounds to a mile-and-a-quarter victory in 1:59 4/5.

But Dotted Swiss was already in luck. The Gold Cup weights came out on May 31, six weeks before the race, and because nobody then could possibly know just how much this colt was improving, he was let in at 107 pounds. Under the circumstances, last Saturday's race was a gift. Bagdad, a very useful member of the handicap division, had to lug 122 pounds.

From a management standpoint, advance weighting lets every owner know exactly where he stands, and the track can be reasonably sure that it will get full use out of leading horses on the grounds. A delay in weighting might also serve as a temptation for owners to move to other tracks which flavor their large-stakes invitations with guarantees of weight concessions.

Naturally, a trainer who wins a big stakes with his horse carrying a featherweight burden isn't going to knock the system. But most horsemen today favor both late-closing

stakes and up-to-date weight announcements. Since form can change rapidly, five days or a week before the race seems a much fairer time to announce handicap weights than five weeks or, as in the case of the important Santa Anita Handicap, 13 weeks before the event.

Incidentally, none of this is to say that Dotted Swiss is just a flash in the pan. Although he's got a long way to go before measuring up to Bald Eagle, Sword Dancer and First Landing, when he goes after them

Midsummer sprints among speed horses, over a lightning track that never is anything but fast, are hardly conclusive, but the best at the moment is Rex Ellsworth's Olden Times. Ellsworth hasn't come up with a top colt since Swags. He started buying well-bred mares a few years ago, and in one package deal he got 41 mares from the late Aga and Aly Khan. Then, at the 1957 Newmarket sales he picked up another 36, and one of those was a mare named Djenez who was then in foal to Relic.

The colt, foaled at Ellsworth's Chino, California ranch in 1958 was Olden Times, who has now started—and won—four times. This Saturday he'll try to make it 5 for 5 in the \$100,000 juvenile championship at six furlongs.

Ellsworth is counting on the speed of Relic and the staying power of the dam's French family to give him a real runner. It's a combination, as any breeder well knows, that might work just fine.

One of the very few American horsemen these days who believe in racing



UNBEATEN OLDEN TIMES, SHEDMAKER'S BID, RIDE FOR THE 2-YEAR-OLD CHAMPIONSHIP

later this year he may give them trouble at any weight.

While the present Hollywood Park season has been largely a meeting for lesser-known horses, Westerners are already excited about some of their 2-year-olds. They remember how Warfare whipped the eastern colts last fall and won the 2-year-old title, and the hunt already is on for another champion.

2-year-olds lightly, Ellsworth says, "The English and French system of three or four starts is best. However, you can't expect a colt to jump up and do great things for you when he's 3 or 4 years old if you haven't taught him something when he's 2. You just wouldn't keep a boy locked up in his house until he was 18 years old and then send him off to college with orders to become a football star." **END**



AT DA LUIGI, ASSUNTA RUNS A GUSTATORY HAVEN

## The byways of Capri

**A donkey called Michelangelo and a nocturnal octopus fisherman will show you the side of this famous island that few tourists see**

ON a midsummer's morning on Capri, ladies in pastel pants and shirts indulge in a favorite Capri pastime: a coffee in the Piazza Umberto. They may go, after that, to spend a day in the sun at Grace Fields's *Canzone del Mare* (Song of the Sea), but they will be back in the piazza in the afternoon for a Campari-soda or a Cinzano bianco at the Café Tiberio. They will ignore the blandishments of the waiters at an identical café across the way, for the Tiberio is Capri's café of the moment, just as Emilio Pucci's pants and shirts are Capri's uniform.

It is possible to make such flat statements as this about Capri because it is an established resort that follows an undeviating routine set by the fashion of the season. This summer the Olympic invasion of Italy will bring more than one million visitors to Capri and its comic-opera piazza, and most of them will follow the fashion, too. After the hour-and-a-half ferry trip from Naples (fare 80¢) they will be hosted the 700 feet from the Marina Grande by aluminum funicular (fare 11¢) and spilled into the Piazza Umberto. Before he has a chance to gaze from bougainvillea-draped terraces at one of the

world's most spectacular seascapes, the visitor must run the gantlet of the island's 400 shops, with their colorful wares spread sirenlike on the cobblestones. But no matter how fine the shopping and how beautiful the Blue Grotto, which he is bound to see, anyone who goes no farther will miss the real charms of the island.

Two things have drawn crowds to Capri in increasing numbers: its legend for wickedness and its beauty, which is equal to any spot in the Mediterranean world. The dubious aspects of the island's reputation began when Tiberius removed his imperial residence from Rome in 27 A.D. According to the historian Suetonius, the emperor regularly held most irregular gatherings in the island's beautiful grottoes and used the cliffs around his Villa Jovis the way Blackbeard used a gangplank. Ever since Suetonius, writers have populated Capri with nymphs and satyrs, real or Walter Mitty variety, in an attempt to make Capri as erotic as it is exotic. But while the visitor today may find many members of the island's foreign colony a bit more bizarre than the folks back home, he will not find any more primroses strewn in his path than he would at Cannes or Venice,

Miami or New Orleans. And if he follows the paths that lead away from the mob in the Piazza Umberto and the Blue Grotto, he will discover what makes Capri the crown jewel in the sapphire bay of Naples.

At *Canzone del Mare*, reached by a road which hairpins down from the heart of town through cloisters of Scotch broom and mimosa, life is *de luxe*. Beside the terrazzo pool Roman princes, Spanish dukes and bare-skinned beauties from everywhere lolli in the sun, and swim or water-ski off the smooth rocks surrounding the pavilion until it is time for lunch. The food is the equal of anything Rome has to offer and leaves one fit only for a drowsy retreat to the tile-floored coolness and quiet of hotel room or villa until cocktail time.

The *Canzone-Piazza* routine is the established one, well worn and rendered comfortable by time. But consider now the byways of Capri. There is a donkey called Michelangelo who

*continued*

*Photographs by Tavi Friedman*

**TO THE CAFÉ TIBERIO**, Capri regulars come twice a day—to have a coffee in the morning and a drink in the afternoon.





**A SAILING FOR TWO**, one of the pleasantest ways of seeing Capri's famous grottoes, is paddled over the crystalline depths by Brussels' Count and Countess van der Burch. At

Canzone del Mare, Comedienne Gracie Field's seaside club, Capri's wealthiest visitors sun themselves while swimming, loafing, lunching—or seeing who's newly arrived at the island.



hangs out in front of the Quisisana. His keeper will take you up to the ruins of the Villa Jovis, the largest of 12 villas the Emperor Tiberius built in the first century, 1,000 feet above the sea, to watch a sunset across the Bay of Naples that you will never forget. It will take only about two hours, up and down, and cost less than \$10.

One of the fishermen at the Marina Grande can be persuaded to take you with him at night when he goes out in his little barca with an oil lamp on the prow to attract the octopuses which he spears. If you go, you will see Capri and Anacapri twinkling high above you, just under the stars of the Mediterranean heavens. You can hire a sandolino for \$5 a day and paddle anywhere you want to go around the island, exploring grottoes with names like Grotta Verde and Grotta Bianca, which do not have the celebrity of the Grotta Azzurra, but which also do not have the subway crush of boats filled with tourists—there is only you in a cavern filled with green light or white light and the liquid lap of water, crystal-clear.

And best of all, you can spend a day at da Luigi's. To get there, hire a sandolino (or a speedboat, but they cost \$15 per hour) at the Piccola Marina and take a course between the Faraglioni, the three craggy off-island rocks which are Capri's landmarks. Around Tragara Point, da Luigi sits, a restaurant which looks like a Eugene Berman stage set, a pavilion of poles with a thatched roof on a point of land overlooking an indigo cove. In the distance Sorrento and Positano are shining white against the Amalfi hills. Here, after you have had a swim and a sun bath on the rocks, the lovely Assunta and her husband, Mario, will give you a lunch of just-made pasta with butter and cheese; of fish or lobster, fresh from the sea in front of you, broiled over a wood fire in an earthen oven and served with Assunta's sauce of butter and parsley and garlic; a salad of *raguola*, followed by bowls of nectarines and thick-skinned, red-blooded oranges—all to the accompaniment of the cool, water-white Patrizi wine of Capri. In these surroundings, such a lunch will make you forget the best meal you have ever had before.

END



Star Detroit Tigers outfielder, Al Kaline

## What Al Kaline found out about good eating places

"I'd guess I eat several hundred meals away from home every year," says Detroit Tiger star Al Kaline, "so naturally I've learned to size up eating places.

"One of the signs I usually go by," says Al, "is Heinz Ketchup. When I spot that familiar Heinz bottle on the table, I feel sure the food, the service and everything else will be good."

**P.S.** Wherever you see richer, thicker **Heinz Ketchup** served, you can be pretty certain the accent is on quality. No other ketchup tastes like Heinz, because Heinz is the very finest quality money can buy.

When you eat out, always look for

**"THE SIGN OF GOOD EATING"**





GRATING O'BRIEN WEARS TYPICAL TIGHT-LIPPED EXPRESSION

## The Irishman is ready again

**Doing a meticulous job in his own quiet way, Joe O'Brien is prepping a big, handsome chestnut colt for trotting's top prize**

TWO COMFORTABLY FIXED men and a well-to-do horse got together in a blacksmith shop at the Good Time track in Goshen, N.Y. the other day, and the result of their meeting may conceivably affect the outcome of harness racing's richest stake races this summer, including the classic Hambletonian at DuQuoin, Ill. August 31.

One of the men was Joe O'Brien, 43-year-old driver-trainer for the S. A. Camp stables of Shafter, Calif., the leading Grand Circuit driver of 1959 and winner of purses totaling \$488,464 last year. The other man was Leonard Raymond, who has been shoeing standardbreds for 35 years. Heaven only knows how much money Leonard has made in that time because race track blacksmiths have been known to gross up to \$35,000 a year—and few average less than \$1,500 a month.

The horse was a big handsome chestnut named Blaze Hanover, by Hoot Mon out of Beverly Hanover. Last year, Blaze won \$142,052, an all-time record for 2-year-old trotters. With Lon Huber's Uncle Sam, he was a Hambletonian favorite in the winter book.

Blaze had a problem. Blaze had what is known as a quarter crack in his right front hoof which is as pain-

ful as a fingernail split down to the quick. Now this was very serious when it involved a valuable horse like Blaze, and certain circumstances made it more serious than that. Joe O'Brien and the string of 36 horses that Camp stables had sent east had had a run of bad luck this spring. A virus infection had spread through the stables, and some of Joe's best trotters and pacers were down with it. It didn't promise to be another great year like 1959. As a matter of fact, there was likely to be some red ink on the books unless Blaze Hanover could be at his best by stakes time. It was up to the big chestnut to win for the gold-and-white Camp colors this summer in just about the same way as it was for an ailing Mickey Mantle to come through for the New York Yankees.

The blacksmith had the shoe and the pad off the right front hoof now. Joe O'Brien, who had been studying the shoeing specifications for Blaze on a card out of a file box, stooped down to inspect the hoof. He stared at it for a long time and turned the old shoe over in his hands. A little group of spectators, including Esmerelda, one of the stable dogs, and an outsider from the city, moved in a little closer to inspect the injured hoof. After a minute, Joe O'Brien said, "It

looks very good, it's coming along fine." With that, Leonard Raymond went to work, cleaning and paring the hoof, looking to Joe from time to time and asking for direction. Finally, the blacksmith had the new shoe against the hoof and looked at Joe again. Joe studied it and then he said, "Take just a little more off to the right of the frog." Leonard pared off another sliver of hoof. Joe nodded, conferred with an assistant and prescribed powdered gelatin as an additive to Blaze Hanover's daily diet from then on.

The little drama in the blacksmith's shop underlined the intimate contact between horse and trainer in trotting, a relationship which does not obtain in quite the same way in Thoroughbred racing. Joe O'Brien attends the shoeing not only of ailing star performers, like Blaze Hanover, but of every horse in his stable. Among the Thoroughbreds, the blacksmith works alone, shoeing the horse with one of three standard sizes of shoes. As harness men say, the Thoroughbred people fit the foot to the shoe whereas in the world of the trotter it's the other way around: the shoe is fitted to the foot.

Because the late Sol Camp gave Joe O'Brien complete authority (as his widow and son Jim continue to



SQUATTING TO SUPERVISE FITTING OF NEW SHOE FOR BLAZE HANOVER, O'BRIEN (RIGHT) PAYS STRICT ATTENTION TO EVERY DETAIL

do), Joe enjoys a status that is rare among trainers. He plans the breeding, he decides what horses to sell, which ones to keep, which ones to race another year, which ones to retire. He supervises every detail of training, resolves recurrent personnel problems, hires and fires. He even names the horses. Finally, he takes off his hat as many-sided executive and puts on his cap to drive as a competitor. On the day of Blaze Hanover's crucial shoeing, for instance, he got in his spanking new Cadillac and drove 60 miles to Yonkers Raceway where he won his two trotting races of the evening behind Genius and Little Rocky.

The outsider who had witnessed the operation in the blacksmith's shop was seeing Joe drive this evening for the first time. Having memorized an eloquent description of Joe's style, the outsider turned it over in his mind as Joe flashed by the stands. The expert appraisal of Joe's driving technique ran like this: "[It is] a trademark on harness tracks all over the country: the hunch of concentration, the arms immobile, the fixed tight line of the lips . . . a style that gives strength and dignity to the slight, slender figure of the man."

After the races, driving back to Goshen with Joe, the outsider glibly

passed off the quotation as his own and, compounding the deceit, larded it with some patter picked up around the stables at the Good Time track.

#### The soft and gentle answer

"Joe," said the outsider, "from my observation, I've noticed that you like to keep that bit alive, you like to have your horse finish strong, no matter what his position in the race. Whereas another man might let up at the 7/8 pole when he's way back, you keep that horse on the bit, you keep that bit alive, you keep that horse brave. I conclude that you figure if you let up at the 7/8 pole when you're beaten, that same horse may quit on you at the same spot when you're winning. You almost never use the whip—except maybe to tap the rump of the horse with the butt end. While other drivers will take the reins in one hand and whip with the other, you keep the reins in both hands, and near the finish you kind of rock in the seat, urging that horse on."

Joe O'Brien is a kindly man. It takes a lot to arouse him. He's soft-spoken and gentle. He never seems to use strong language. "My goodness," he will say sometimes. Other times, he'll exclaim, "Well, I'll be darned!"

As confidently as if he were back in

the race that Little Rocky had just won at Yonkers, Joe took the big car out of the lane of traffic and gunned her into a hole just ahead. The outsider waited impatiently for Joe's comment on his searching analysis of the O'Brien driving style. Finally it came, all of it. Joe said: "Never had much luck with the whip."

There wasn't much more to be said about harness racing. The outsider had exhausted his store of spurious opinions. It was a relief. The conversation turned to other things. Joe told about a skinny groom he had one time who married the fat lady in the circus. She had a baby, and they were very happy. Joe put some music on the car radio. The outsider said he didn't care what anybody said, he liked Lawrence Wall's orchestra. Joe said he did, too, and not only that: he had met the maestro personally out in California.

With the music and the talk, it was an extremely pleasant ride back to Goshen. And, taking into account the two races Joe had just won at Yonkers and the nice healing of Blaze Hanover's hoof as revealed at the blacksmith's shop that morning, it seemed reasonable to expect that Joe O'Brien might have another fine racing year after all.

END

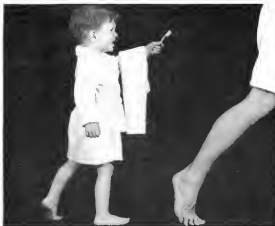
# Getaway went thataway

**Some fast-starting foreigners  
may dethrone U.S. sprinters**

THE Europeans do not have the ability to explode," Parry O'Brien, a very explosive gentleman, once said. O'Brien was speaking of the shotput; he was in Moscow at the time and he was explaining why the Russians could not compete on even terms in his specialty, but his critique might as easily have applied to the sprints. The Europeans have never been a factor in the Olympic sprints, and their lack of explosive speed has explained their failure.

But in Rome in September, the U.S.'s wonderful sprinters may be surprised. A cocky, truculent German, a quiet, confident Englishman and a bashful Canadian could, conceivably finish one-two-three in the 100 meters and somewhere among the first six in the 200. It is conceivable but, happily, not very likely. Ray Norton, the tall, strong, very confident American sprinter, probably will run all three of them off their legs in the last 20 yards of each sprint.

The man with the best chance against Norton is Armin Hary, a department-store clerk in Frankfurt, West Germany, who has the fastest—and most controversial—start of any sprinter. Hary set a world record in the 100 meters at Zurich on June 21, doing it twice for good measure. His first start—as usual—was fast, and the officials refused to certify it. He demanded another chance, ran the race again and was again clocked in 10 flat. Said he, typically: "I am not only the fastest man in the world. I



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am the happiest. I should have tried to run the 200 meters as well."

Hary's race is won or lost in the first 20 yards. Propelled by his tremendous start, he has jet-fast acceleration for 20 yards, fades slowly thereafter. If the starter at Rome holds him, he may be no factor at all; if, as was true in Zurich, the starter allows him to get away, he may be hard to overtake. "I'm getting a complex about my start," he said recently. "Naturally, I'm happy to have it, but everywhere people are beginning to think I'm cheating." Even one of Hary's Frankfurt teammates, Sprinter Karl-Heinz Naujoks, complains of his start. When Hary ran 5.9 to break the indoor 60-yard mark, Naujoks said, bitterly, "Armin was favored by the starter. He should have been called back." At Friedrichshafen, where Hary ran a disallowed 10 flat, other runners complained that he was off the blocks and running before their hands were off the ground.

#### Backwardly forward

Harry Jerome, a 19-year-old Canadian who is a freshman at the University of Oregon, equaled Hary's 10 flat for the 100 meters last week in the Canadian Olympic trials. This came as no great surprise; Jerome whipped Ray Norton in the Modesto Relays track meet in May, running 100 yards in 9.4. His start then was good but not exceptional. Impressive to watchers, however, was the fact that Norton, who got a poor start, was unable to make ground down the last 20 yards. Jerome is the antithesis of Hary; he is quiet to the point of being unarticulate. After beating Norton, he said, obviously astounded at himself, "I just came for the experience."

The third foreign threat to U.S. domination is a slender, dark-haired Englishman, Peter Radford. Radford is probably better at 200 meters than at the shorter sprint; running in Europe against Europeans, he has gained the reputation of being the best curve runner in the world. His 20.5 is equal to Norton's best performance this year and to the world record. But he may be in for a decidedly unpleasant surprise when he faces the American sprinters in Rome. Nearly all American sprinters are well-balanced, intelligent curve runners.

And the best of the Americans is Ray Norton.

END



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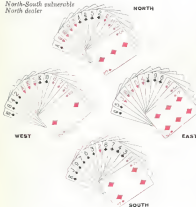
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Special island magic

HAITI, that magic-loving island republic, is playing high-class international bridge these days, and no legerdemain about it. Tricks the Haitians have, but they are honestly come by. Playing in Port-au-Prince last month, fellow Miamians William Seamon, Harry Harkavy, Leland Ferer and I ran into strong native opposition. The Haitians, who are short on experience, got off to an uncertain start in a weekend of bridge that included a team-of-four match and a pair competition. But after that they were surprisingly tough.

My seasoned companions and I had come to Haiti to encourage and promote the game there. I am not sure that our mission was necessary but we had fun, and no one more so than the irrepressible Harkavy, who demonstrated a little bridge magic of his own in the following deal from the team-of-four contest.

North-South vulnerable  
North dealer



NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
1 N.T.	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: Heart king

At the other table, where my partner and I held the East-West cards, our opponents and hosts settled in a comfortable contract of three clubs, making four when declarer lost a trick in every suit but spades. North-South scored 130 points (in tournament play, a bonus of 50 points is awarded for fulfilling a part-score contract). To everyone at our table this appeared to be a normal result, with small prospect for any great swing. But with Harkavy in action, there is virtually no such thing as a swing-proof deal.

North's one no-trump rebid usually designates a fair to middling hand. Harkavy (South) counted on finding perhaps 15 high-card points and a couple of spades in North's hand, which would have made his four-spade contract a reasonable gamble.

When West opened the king of hearts and dummy was put down, it seemed that South would have to lose at least one trick in each suit. But with the kind of juggling for which he is famous, Harkavy made one of these losing tricks disappear.

After his long of hearts held, West switched to a low diamond. Dummy's 9 was covered by East's jack and won by declarer's ace. A trump to dummy's ace permitted South to ruff a heart. Harkavy next led a diamond to the 10, forcing East's king. East returned a diamond to dummy's queen, and South discarded a club. Another heart was ruffed and West's ace fell.

After a successful finesse of dummy's club queen, the club ace was cashed. Declarer did not make the mistake of discarding his losing club on the good heart. West would have ruffed, led a diamond trumped by East's queen, and after South overruffed, West would have held the setting trick in his still-guarded 10 of spades.

Instead, declarer led dummy's last diamond. East ruffed with the queen, and South overruffed. This play stripped West of all his cards except the 10-8-4 of trumps. So, when South led the losing 8 of clubs, West had to trump the trick. Thus not only cost East his club trick, it also cost West a trump trick. For at the 12th trick West had to lead from his 10-8 of trumps to Harkavy's J-9.

### EXTRA TRICK

In making a loser disappear, the hand is sometimes surer than the eye. Figure what cards your opponent has left and don't make the mistake of playing a good card for the sake of a discard.

END

## ONLY BIG LEAGUE

continued from page 17

a Negro who was the most valuable player or rookie of the year. There are Minnie Minoso, Vic Power, Elston Howard and Al Smith, but they can hardly be compared to Mays, Banks and Aaron, or to Robinson and Roy Campanella, who won so many pennants for Brooklyn.

Aside from All-Star Games and World Series, the best way to compare the strength of the two leagues is through the records of players who have been in each league. Currently there are four interesting cases.

One is Cal McLish, who labored unsuccessfully in the National League for many years, then became a big winner when traded to the American. Last year, after winning 19 games for Cleveland, he was traded back to the National League. This season he has won only three games, has lost five and has a 5.10 earned run average.

### Other castoffs

Then there is Jim Gentile, the big first baseman who hit minor league pitching with ease but failed both times he was brought up to the Dodgers. Now, in his first year with Baltimore in the American League, Gentile is leading the league in batting and is second in runs batted in. His good hitting earned him a position on the American League All-Star team.

Gerry Staley was washed up in the National League in 1955 after two straight losing seasons. Traded into the American League, he has since won 34 games while losing 18. His relief work, along with that of another discarded National Leaguer, Turk Lown, was a large factor in the White Sox pennant last year.

And there is Ted Kluszewski, who also contributed to the White Sox cause last year after fading out of the National League. Klu's heavy hitting was the only bright spot in an otherwise bleak World Series for Chicago.

The next chance to compare the two leagues comes in October with the 1960 World Series. It is, of course, too early to tell which team will win the National League pennant. Pittsburgh has a slight lead, but Milwaukee, Los Angeles and San Francisco cannot be counted out yet. Even St. Louis has an outside chance. In any case, no matter which team wins, bet National in the Series.

END

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# THE LAND OF SILENCE

by JACK OLSEN

*'It's a case of people vs. bobcats,' was the way one critic characterized arguments for preserving pure wilderness areas in America. Most often, of course, the bobcat loses. Why he should get the nod once in a while is explained here in the poetic story of a wilderness reserve where people tread softly but breathe deeply of a rejuvenating atmosphere which, after all, is their heritage too*

HIGH on the Monument Portage, where Canada and the U.S. are a footstep apart, you meet a white-haired violinist of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra. A heavy pack is strapped to his back, but he smiles and slows and says, "Nice day," then pushes across to the American side. He is using the Quetico-Superior wilderness of Minnesota and Ontario for relaxation and release from the cymbals and crescendos of his lyrically ordered world. Others use the wilderness in other ways. Guides will tell you of the middle-aged woman who pushed a canoe across lake and portage for three days, cleared a camp site and sat down to a quiet week of unrelieved knitting. Another guide recalls how he took a pair of city slickers to an isolated island deep in the Quetico, then watched them as



Paintings by Harry Duxenstein

**CANOEISTS IN THE WILD**, like French voyageurs who paddled for an hour and then smoked a pipe, can still count distances in pipes—miles seem surreal in Quetico-Superior's immensity of woods and water.

Fathers and sons push into the canoe country, not so much to learn about nature as to learn about themselves.

No wilderness area of North America better meets their needs than Quetico-Superior. It is a balsam-scented retreat of some 3,000 square miles, sprinkled with emerald and sapphire lakes and laced with meandering rivers—described by an early explorer as "verey Gentel but verey Serpentine"—extending nearly 200 miles along the border of northeastern Minnesota and western Ontario. The wilderness is two great forests running together at the national boundary: the Superior National Forest in the U.S., Quetico Provincial Park in Canada. Both were set up in 1909; they are administered separately but in close cooperation. Superior carries out the U.S. Forest Service idea of the multiple use of parks. There are some roads, some picnic areas, many lodges and outfitters and even some logging south of the border, but mostly there are deep, dense forests.

To the north, Quetico lies entirely unblemished. Along its edges you may find the slightest incroppings of civilization, but Quetico itself is the special property of the wind and the water, the otter and the bobcat. Canada goes out of its way to point out that in Quetico there are no stores, no lodges, no bait shops, no roads. Logged and burnt over years ago, it has almost succeeded in re-establishing its virgin nature. One travels by canoe, one camps with the moose and the bear. One walks across tree-to-tree carpeting of sphagnum and duff, which do not know commercial man. Two tenderfeet returned to camp with a story about two large dogs seen swimming across a lake a few miles away. Whose dogs were they, and what were they doing so far away, they asked. The dogs, of course, were timber wolves, worth \$25 each in bounty. (Another tenderfoot made the opposite error; he shot a dog and tried to collect a bounty on it.)

The wolves of Quetico-Superior may be seen and not feared; they are too wise to venture near man. Not so

the bear. The forest abounds in black bears, and some of them are cunning and crafty, especially in years when the wild blueberry crop is bad. One outfitter lost \$4,000 in gear to bears in a single year. Bears creep into camp late at night and rip through packs for food. They have learned that tin cans contain goodies and they will bite right into them. One hapless bear, on a recent night, bit into a DDT bomb.

Quetico-Superior once belonged to the Cree, the Sioux and the gentle Chippewas but then became the land of the French voyageurs, the wild, abandoned adventurers who canoed and portaged the boundary area en route to Montreal and Quebec with their cargoes of fur. Now no trace of them remains except for the faint portage trails they established, the lakes they named and the unforgettable songs they sang, brought to French Canada by the first settlers in the early 17th century:

*En roulant ses boeils roulant,  
en roulant ses boeils. . .  
trois beaux canards s'en rent  
baignant,  
roulé, roulant, ses boeils  
roulent.*

Every hour the voyageurs would stop canoeing and smoke a pipe; thus distances across the Quetico-Superior lakes became measured in pipes instead of miles. Portages were measured in paces, or deposit places. Coming to a portage, the voyageurs would unload and transport their gear as far as they could without collapsing, then drop it at the pose and go back for more, traveling thus to the end of the portage. Nowadays portages are measured in rods, 16½ feet each, or two huffs and a puff for the typical American woodman.

The land passed from Indians to voyageurs to loggers to tourists, but all as passers-by only. The Scandinavian and the Finns, and then the Croats and Slovenes, worked the iron deposits. The Finns, in particular, brought their own ways to the wilderness. To get rid of bears, they recited:

continued

they played gin rummy for a week, oblivious to the leaping bass on the water and the wacky call of the loon.

The Quetico-Superior wilderness may be used in myriad ways. Bird watchers plunge into its depths, there to indulge in orgies of feathered voyeurism. A botanist from New York shuffles around the bogs and muskegs and turns up nine varieties of wild orchid. Anglers arrive with flies and bucktails to meet the challenge of trout, northern pike, wall-eyes and bass. Rockhounds chip at the slopes of granite, basalt and greenstone, collecting infinitesimal treasures from the Canadian Shield, the oldest exposed rock face in the world. Boy scout troops dissolve into the forests, earning merit badges and learning firsthand the harsh realities described in the boy scout handbook.

*Hide thy claws within thy hair-foot,  
Shut thy wicked teeth in  
darkness. . . .*

*Throw thy notice to the woodchucks,  
And thy hunger to the pine trees,  
Sink thy teeth within the aspens.*

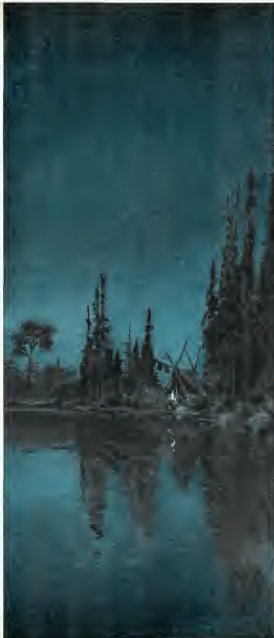
Cold was fended off in a similar manner:

*Cold, thou son of wind,  
Do not freeze my fingernails,  
Do not freeze my hands.  
Freeze thou the water willows,  
Go chill the birch chunks.*

It worked; the Finns survived. For present-day travelers, however, heavy clothing is recommended. The bear song will be found useful today if it is accompanied by a heavy beating on a tin pan; the bears are not fans of such music.

Now the camper pushes off from the American side and soon establishes the rhythm of the paddle: dip, push, swing. A mile of canoeing and he is surrounded by dense forests of pine, balsam, cedar, spruce, aspen, birch. Down the lake comes a weird cackle, part laughing hyena, part lunatic. It is a loon, concertmaster of the wilderness, indulging in his daily laugh at the piddling invader. Only a few minutes of watching make one realize that the loon belongs; he is the master and man is the observer. The loon is a large bird, as big as a goose, but he rides much lower in the water and he has a flatter head. As the camper's canoe nears, he will disappear, for the loon is a water bird; he can dive as deep as 90 feet, stay under for 10 minutes or more, flying through the water with half-opened wings faster than a trout. He is gone, but no matter; soon another will appear ahead, giggling and cackling with idiot laughter at your appearance. A single loon makes a motley crew.

The most beautiful song in Quetico-Superior belongs to the plainest of birds: the white-throated sparrow. He sits all day in the trees calling for Sam Peabody: his call sounds like "Old Sam Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," with a rich, musical quality no flute could duplicate. Or you may hear the chop and crash of a pileated woodpecker hammering away at his trade of master carpenter. The pileated woodpecker is as big as a raven, and he wears a bright red hat. His



home is no simple round hole in a tree, but a boxlike affair of good size. Making the home, he bangs away at the tree with a jackhammer beak, ripping and tearing chunks of bark a foot long. Like the beaver, he was lumberjacking the forest long before man came in with his saws and axes.

The birds of Quetico-Superior range in size from the hummingbird to the bald eagle, in sound from the soft dee-dee-dee of the chickadee to the raucous squawk of the gull, in boldness from the shy ruffed grouse to the camp-robbing "whisky jack," or Canadian jay, which will be only too happy to join you and the red squirrels at dinner. In these wilds, the bird watcher may drink his fill.

The animal watcher has a more difficult problem. Caribou are gone, wolves nearly so. Beavers have grown wise. Their houses may be seen everywhere, but the occupants rarely. Deer come down to the lakes to drink, and now and then a porcupine will be sighted padding across a river. Bobcats shriek in the night. Otters gambol and frolic in the lakes, and weasels go about their cold business of ermine-coated assassination. The game of animal watching takes silence; a cough on a lake will cause all the animals around to draw back into the deep woods. But there are surprises, and man is not always prepared for them. In Quetico-Superior you are aware of the presence of the animals all around, even though you may not see them. Their sign is everywhere—a few loose porcupine quills, the mashed imprint of an ambling moose, a bank of hair where a bear has scratched his back against a tree. In the morning you awaken to find that the red squirrels and the whisky jacks have cleaned the crumbs off your festive board; they are the wilderness garbage detail.

But these are tangibles, the things you can see, feel and touch. More important to the traveler in these wild square miles are the intangibles, items of the spirit and heart. The wilderness country is the answer to a need which cannot be met in Central Park or Lincoln Park, nor even in the great national forests crisscrossed by roads

and dotted with picnic tables. The need has not changed since John Muir expressed it more than 50 years ago: "Thousands of tired, nerve-shaken, overcivilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wilderness is a necessity; and that mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life. Awakening from the stupefying effects of the vice of over-industry and the deadly apathy of luxury, they are trying as best they can to mix and enrich their own little ongoing with those of nature, and to get rid of rust and disease."

#### SHIVERS WITH A FULL MOON

The smell of resins and saps, no part of the cities, was a part of mankind's heritage for millenniums, and there are those who maintain that the peculiar pleasure which comes from these smells is in fact the pleasure of re-establishing a link with one's ancestors. Man still reacts instinctively to certain phenomena of wilderness and freights these phenomena with more than normal meaning. How else explain the shivers which come with a full moon on a clear night in the wilds? Or the instant release of adrenalin in the system when a wolf cries nearby? Or the flood of amorphous memories on entering a fragrant pine forest? Why is a campfire so comforting? Said the English historian, George Trevelyan: "We are literally children of the earth, and removed from her our spirits wither or run to various forms of insanity. Unless we can refresh ourselves at least by intermittent contact with nature, we grow awry."

For the average American who goes to the Quetico-Superior wilderness to refresh himself for the first time, a pattern emerges. He has been outfitted, taught the six basic canoe strokes, told how to read a map and how to make and break camp and pushed off toward the central lakes of the huge forest. Now he is ripping away with madman strokes, trying to beat the water to death with his paddle. He has a campsite in mind and an estimated time of arrival. He

arrives on time, hands blistered, back sore, mind already racing ahead to the next day's timetable. He decides he will go to bed at an appointed hour, and when his watch issues the command off to bed he goes.

The next day he is a little more sloppy about time. He looks at his watch less often; he has an ETA, but he says to hell with it because he has discovered that the walkees are hitting in a little bay. He arrives at his destination campsite a few hours later but suddenly realizes that it matters not at all. The whistlers and the whisky jacks, the bears and the squirrels are there waiting for him. In Quetico-Superior the animals and the birds, the lakes and the trees are the landlord, and man is the tenant, endured but not integrated.

And so the camper gradually loses his city outlook on time and space and relaxes into the wilderness, and only then do the refreshment and the rest begin. The tenderfoot will know he is cured of city madness the first day he decides to sit around the campsite and watch birds or to partake of what Thoreau called "the tonic and barks which brace mankind." He is now prepared to endure—and indeed to appreciate—the hush of a deep woods.

Silence comes all at once in the wilderness, and it can be as disquieting as an unexpected thunderclap. Pure silence is rarer than city man thinks. Lying in your bedroom at night, you may think you are experiencing silence, but an audiometer would show a constant level of sound which your ears are no longer aware of hearing. This city sound is compounded of generators whirring, far-off buses and airliners and automobiles, the hum of electric wires, fans, meters, thousands of audibilities blended into a general background hum to which you have become accustomed.

Now you are deep in Quetico-Superior. The wind has been blowing softly against the tentside. At the water's edge there is a constant slap-slap against the granite rock. Then suddenly the last whitethroat makes his last call for Old Sam Peabody. The wind dies down, and quits. The final tiny wave of the evening subsides against the rock, and you are drowning in silence: pure silence.

*continued*

**REMOTE AND UNTOUCHED.** *Quetico "is the property of the wind and the water, the otter and the bobcat. One camps with moose and bear; one walks across tree-to-tree carpeting of sphagnum and duff. . . ."*

Those space scientists who first felt weightlessness must have experienced something akin to this first ordeal of silence. It is disorienting and harrowing until you get used to it. Guides tell of passing campfires at night and seeing solitary figures dancing figs and singing at the tops of their voices. In deep silence, one comes face to face with oneself. Some would rather dance and sing, till the wind starts up again.

Essentially, the test which a wilderness like Quetico-Superior poses is the test of whether you can live with yourself, minus all the softening and palliating forces of civilization. Can you make a go of becoming one with the woods and the waters without sprinting hysterically back to the lodge? Quetico-Superior poses no life-or-death test of your ability to survive in the out-of-doors; you may have discomfort, but you will survive. Even in the remotest parts of Quetico Provincial Park, the ranger's plane flies over once a day, and a simple distress signal (three of anything: blankets, tarpaulins, shirts) will summon him to your side. Your worst errors, then, will not be crucial as they might be, for example, in Alaska or Brazil. So your problem will be simply to achieve the oneness of nature and yourself, and this oneness is a spiritual thing. As Scouter Grady Mann put it: "On mechanized outings, where one can easily move 100 yards to the nearest road, the challenges of adventure, discipline, hardship and self-reliance are lost."

Some would laugh at the violinist hoisting a 75-pound aluminum canoe across the Monument Portage. Or at the puny C.P.A. battling huge waves on Lake Saganaga. What's in it for them? At least some of the pleasure lies in the defeat of pain. When the portage is over and the four-pipe lake has been conquered, the ordeal is forgotten, and in its place comes the deep fulfillment of the conqueror. Having achieved these minor miracles with your own hands, having learned to enjoy the beauty of silence at night, having separated the flute call of the whitethroat from the silly odd notes of the cedar waxwing and having started a warm fire on a rainy day and battled a northern pike into your canoe, you are en route to becoming a wilderness buff. And a



WILDERNESS HARMONY in the American-Canadian project saved 3,000 beautiful square miles on both sides of the border.

wilderness buff is a wondrous thing indeed!

The wilderness buff may be spotted in the city by his compulsion to talk about the wilderness. What is wilderness? Webster says it is "a tract or region uncultivated and uninhabited by human beings." The National Park Service says wilderness is "an area whose predominant character is the result of the interplay of natural processes, large enough and so situated as to be unaffected, except in minor ways, by what takes place in the non-wilderness around it." By Webster's definition, huge areas of America are still almost all pure wilderness. By the Park Service definition, there are still some 58 million acres of wilderness in the continental U.S. In these areas, the Park Service does some minor landscaping and housekeeping, builds a few roads, allows some logging and peripheral commercialism. The true wilderness buff frowns deeply on this. The Park Service has even found itself criticized by buffs for putting down epidemics of bugs in the forest. The bugs are natural; what they do is nature's plan, therefore they should not be interrupted. So goes the argument. For that matter, there are buffs who all but advocate the death penalty for wilderness campers who leave a sardine tin on a campsite. To such purists, a cigarette butt thrown in a lake is an abomination, an outboard motor is a thing of the devil and a one-lane dirt road into a wilderness converts the wilderness into a spoiled, urban area.

The argument rages, as it has since America woke up to find its forest areas threatened. Conservationists like Aldo Leopold assert their dogma:

"Wilderness is a resource which can shrink but not grow." It has shrunk and is shrinking, though there are signs that the shrinkage is coming to an end. The Park Service concept of protecting and preserving wilderness areas, of permitting peripheral commercialism but maintaining interior naturalness is making the wilderness available to more and more people. And proposed federal legislation would lock into law the wilderness areas we have.

Calvin Ruess, a portager in Quetico-Superior since 1914, takes this view: "When I first started traveling here, we thought the forest would last forever, in the same form it always had. Then outboard motors started coming in, and people had trailers which automatically launched their boats, and then came aluminum canoes and such. And a lot of the older people said: 'The North is gone.' But there's room in this wilderness for both points of view. Whether it's art or music or literature or whatever, it's what the man makes of it that counts. You can go right out in those woods now and get all the challenge you want in the world. You can get off remote paths here and see no other human being for weeks, and it's a wonderful thing to meet that challenge."

#### THE WILDERNESS RULES

The remaining dissonant element is the boor camper, who disobeys the wilderness rule to "put your fire dead out," who does not bury tin cans, who does not leave a stack of kindling for the next camper and who generally goes through the woods as though he were the first and last person ever to use them. Fortunately, he does not last long. Nature has a great maturing influence on such people. Obeying the rules of the wilderness is one way to become one with the wilderness. Failing to become one with the wilderness means having a miserable time and not returning. Boor campers are soon sorted out by this process of natural elimination. And the wilderness is unyielding. It does not bend for you or the fox, but you may bend for it and in the bending add a new dimension to your life. And then you may agree with Emerson: "It is in the woods we return to reason and faith." Or even with Thoreau: "In wilderness is the preservation of the world."

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# BASEBALL'S WEEK

by ROGER WILLIAMS

## AMERICAN LEAGUE

First place or no, the New York Yankees' Casey Stengel wasn't happy. "We gotta get some starters who can hold leads," said Case after the Yanks lost a three-run advantage in Detroit. "This is enough to sorry a man." The Cleveland Indians continued to fatten up on the tailenders (26 wins in 35 games with the Senators, A's and Red Sox) and made things tough on reporters as well: they announced a 15-minute cooling-off period after games before the clubhouse will be open. Said one tender-eared player: "It will give Frank Lane some time to cool off, too." The Baltimore Orioles climbed back into the pennant race with two victories over the Chicago White Sox. The Sox suddenly looked bad. They got only five hits in the first game, kicked the second away on three errors by Gene Freeze. One sweet note for the Detroit Tigers was the hitting of Rocky Colavito. Since his benching in late May, Colavito has hit 15 homers, raised his BA .106 points in 43 games. The Washington Senators dropped two games in Cleveland and evoked painful memories of '59, when the club lost 18 straight after the midseason break. Fears dissolved as the Senators swept a double-header. The Boston Red Sox and Kansas City Athletics, locked in a dual of futility, came up with some extraordinary pitching (in one 15-inning stretch neither team scored). But the Sox made off with 2-1 and 1-0 victories to take command in the race for seventh place.

Standings: NY 45-32, Cle 45-35, Chi 45-32, Bal 41-40, Det 40-40, Wash 39-41, Bos 33-48, KC 29-54

## TEAM LEADERS: HOME RUNS

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Mays	21	Martie	21	Skowron	13
Cle	Reid	15	Portall	9	Ramap	9
Det	Grande	12	Manson	9	2 tied with	7
Chi	Seaver	12	Mason	10	Smith	8
Det	Colavito	10	Mason	14	Kelke	9
Wash	Lemon	21	Alison	10	Bailey	9
Bos	Williams	14	Wertz	10	Melrose	7
KC	Sabers	10	Quay	9	2 tied with	7

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Shaw	13	Skowron	13	Mazeroski	9
StL	Arnes	24	Mathews	18	2 tied with	14
LA	Howard	14	Snider	10	2 tied with	5
StL	Boyer	20	Spanner	21	White	9
StL	Mays	18	Copeland	17	2 tied with	11
Chi	Robinson	13	Pest	12	Francis	9
PH	Herrin	12	Kelke	8	2 tied with	6
Chi	Banks	26	Thomas	14	Afonso	6



**SUDDEN STANDOUTS** were Ernie Broglio, who one-hit Cubs, fanned 14, and Brooks Robinson, who made eight straight hits.

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

The Pittsburgh Pirates, down to a three-game lead, checked their slide in predictable fashion: a pinch homer by Dick Stuart beat the Reds for the Pirates' 18th comeback victory this season. The hard-riding Milwaukee Braves got a surprise boost from the hitting of Del Crandall. Raised from eighth to second in the order, Crandall went 18 for 38, commented: "Batting second tends to cut down on my swing. We use the hit and run a lot, so I have to keep my eye on the ball." The Los Angeles Dodgers and San Francisco Giants, meeting in Candlestick Park, were light years apart. LA, in top form, made it 15 wins in the last 20 games, while the Giants, who even sent Willie McCovey to the minors, looked like a real threat for sixth place. George Crowe's pinch home run gave the St. Louis Cardinals a grip on the first division. It was Crowe's 12th pinch homer, a major league record. The Cincinnati Reds, with Vada Pinson playing like Willie Mays, beat the Pirates for the first time in nine games. Shelving their youth movement, the Chicago Cubs recruited 37-year-old has-been Grady Hatton from San Antonio, 32-year-old rookie Al Heist from Sacramento. The Philadelphia Phillies, their youth program very much alive, got strong spectator support. Two losses to the Braves drew 37,000, making home attendance a profitable 16,000 per game.

Standings: Pitt 46-32, Mil 47-38, StL 45-39, LA 43-39, SF 41-40, Cin 38-44, Phi 34-50, Chi 30-50

## TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

AMERICAN LEAGUE						
NY	Gouge	9.1	Ortiz	2.6	Turley	6.1
Cle	Ferry	10-4	Bull	8.7	Gent	6.3
Bat	Grande	9-5	Pappas	8-6	Brown	2-3
Chi	Snider	9-4	Peters	7-5	Shaw	3-8
Det	Moss	8-6	Banning	6-6	Loy	6-9
Wash	Faucett	8-5	Strubbe	6-7	Forrest	5-10
Bos	Montgomery	8-7	Ferris	5-1	Brewer	5-7
KC	Duffy	12-5	Mull	5-6	Wheeler	3-10

## NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitt	Law	11-4	Friend	10-5	Madda	6-5
StL	Bull	9-5	Sanford	5-4	Spikes	5-6
LA	Williams	9-2	Skowron	8-1	Peters	8-6
StL	Beggs	10-4	Jackson	10-8	McDonald	8-3
StL	Jones	11-9	McCombs	5-5	Sanford	8-7
Cin	Parkay	8-5	Hack	2-5	O'Leary	3-8
Phi	Farrall	2-2	Cutler	4-4	Leary	5-9
Chi	Madden	8-11	Ellis	3-4	Edwards	4-6

Based on statistics through Saturday, July 16

# Riding to Ruin in a Limousine

Well, maybe not ruin, because you might take in some dollars at the trotters—but in any case, it's pleasant to go in luxury

by M. R. WERNER

I WAS first taken to a race track by a disreputable uncle when I was 4 years old; that time I won only a banana. I have been going to race tracks intermittently since I was 44, which indicates that a man does not necessarily acquire wisdom with age. But one folly I never had committed until recently was to go straight from the Thoroughbred flat races to the standardbred trots and paces in one day and night. Coming out of New York race tracks either disconsolate or elated, I have frequently heard the strident cry, "Car to the trotters! Car to the trotters!" I often wondered what it would be like to do that. Now I know. It is a little like having your appendix taken out—you have the feeling you'll never have to go through that again.

On the bland Tuesday afternoon at Belmont Park when I decided to try the trotters I had not done a flourishing business, but I had money left. Three favorites out of nine won that day, and I lost on the wrong long shots. I am allergic to favorites because I don't bet enough to make real money on them. This, I am told by a sermonizing (and broke) race track friend, is a mistake. He says acorn-

fully: "You two-dollar yourself to death."

After the ninth race at Belmont, in which I had managed to ten-dollar myself to death, I ran into a racing acquaintance who asked me to go back to Manhattan with him via bus and subway. "I'm going to the trotters," I said self-consciously. He looked at me as if I had scarlet fever and sidled away. (Devotees of the flats think all trot fans should be locked up. Trotting fans think flats are for the birds who come out in the daytime, while trots are for wise owls. A fanatical minority go in for both in one day and night.)

On the gravel parking space in front of Belmont Park were men shouting, "Car to Brooklyn! Car to Manhattan!" and, finally, "Car to the trotters!" The trotter shouters were burly, black-haired and unshaven, and when I told him bashfully that I wanted to go to Yonkers he grabbed my arm like a man pulling customers off the sidewalk into a Bowery clothing store. He ushered me forcibly into a well-washed black Buick limousine. It looked as if it were on loan from a reputable funeral parlor.

I sat alone in the back seat, won-

dering whether or not to cut out and run for the Long Island Rail Road race train to Manhattan, when suddenly my dark cicerone came back with two more men in tow. One of them wore a dirty white shirt, no tie, and was unshaven. He sat down in the corner of the limousine and mumbled something in words I could not identify as English or any other language I had ever heard, but the sound was sullen. He resembled a sorry loser.

The second man, who sat down between us, was mild, gray in complexion, and he wore both a tie and an old felt hat; he thanked me politely when I moved over to give him more room. Five more customers arrived, and the driver promptly got under way. We eight passengers had bought programs for the trotters from the man dispatching buses to Yonkers Raceway from Belmont Park, which is the alternative form of transportation for those who like to watch 18 races in less than 24 hours.

Two buses—known in the race track vernacular as the "get-even line"—with a capacity of 30 fanatics each leave Belmont every day. Six privately owned and operated black

continued



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## RIDING TO RUIN continued

sedans also make the daily trip. Portal-to-portal bettors increase in numbers on Friday and Saturday evenings.

"Did you have that \$120 horse in the last race?" my mild-mannered neighbor asked with a smile.

"How could you bet a horse like that?" I answered. "I went to the favorite, Dancing Master." I had been tired of seeing favorites win without my support.

"I had the second horse, Ragnar, across the board," the man said. "He paid \$8.10 place and \$4.10 show. I sure wish I'd had that Qadmiral. Phew! \$120 win, \$34.90 place and \$11.80 show."

Horseplayers have built-in IBM machines to remember prices of long shots they didn't have.

"Well, I made \$49 on the day," he added quietly without boasting. "That includes expenses; you've got to include those. How did you do?"

"Lost," I said noncommittally. "Too bad," he said, "but maybe you'll get it back tonight."

"I hope so," I said and then asked, "Do you go from one to the other often?"

"Only twice a week," he answered. "I can't get away more often than that." We fell silent for a while, and I was tempted to ask him what he did for money, but long experience at race tracks has taught me to be cautious about asking leading questions.

"I have been going to the races whenever I could get away for the past 15 years," I volunteered.

"Is that so?" he said. "I got interested when I was a boy. I wanted to be a jockey, and I could have made the weight. I could still make Derby weight," he added. I looked him over; he seemed to be about 55 years old, was frail, with gentle blue eyes and thin grayish hair. I could not imagine him on a horse. "I met Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons at Saratoga once and asked him for a job, but he said I would grow too tall and he was right—the old man certainly knows his conformation."

The man in the other corner in the back seat fell asleep with a cigarette butt hanging from his lips.

The Buick was moving along the parkway at a good clip. The other occupants were busy studying the Yonkers program, with its list of that night's entries and their recent past

performances. One of the men on the jump seats was alternating between the Yonkers program and the Belmont entries for the next day. He told his companions how much he liked Doc in the second race at Belmont Park.

"This is certainly better than last Saturday," my neighbor said to me. "We got stuck coming from Belmont last Saturday; the driver managed to get going again, but I was afraid we'd miss the daily double, but we made it all right."

"Did you hit it?" I asked. "No," he answered sadly. "I had seven tickets, I always have seven tickets. I had seven tickets today at Belmont, and I lost."

We studied the Yonkers program for a while. "I don't see how this A. C.'s Karen in the first can be beaten," he said hesitantly, and with no intent to tout. A. C.'s Karen was the morning line favorite.

"Have you been going to the races since you were a boy?" I asked.

"Oh, no, only a few years, but I used to make mental bets before then," he answered. "Tuesday is my day off, and I always go Tuesday both to the flats and the trots. Also Saturday." He paused. "I work in a bank in Brooklyn, and I get Tuesday off because I work from 7 in the morning until 7 at night Mondays."

## His own boss after hours

My mild-mannered companion continued to talk quietly. He explained that except for Mondays his hours at the savings bank where he worked were from 7 in the morning until about 4:15 in the afternoon. "I live by myself," he added, "and no one's my boss except at the bank."

In about 40 minutes we were outside the big Yonkers plant, and we had two hours before past time for the first race. My new-found friend waited for me as we piled out of the car and paid the driver \$2 apiece.

"How would you like a drink?" my companion asked.

"Fine," I said. We then exchanged names. I will call him Arthur Hines.

"You going for the clubhouse or the grandstand?" he asked.

"Anything you say," I answered, clinging to a guide to the trotters.

"Let's go clubhouse," he suggested, and seemed relieved that I did not insist on the cheaper tickets. We paid our \$4 each and entered the empty

expanse of the stone ground floor. A race track without people looks like Grand Central Station before the 5:33 a.m. train to New Rochelle.

Belmont Park has an old-world charm with its shade trees and other foliage. Yonkers Raceway has a modern flare, with a motif of colored plastic and concrete, but it is spacious and has plenty of escalators, bars, eateries, and betting windows.

#### Serious business

We went to the bar and bought each other drinks. While drinking them, we looked over the entries again and the selection of handicappers in the various newspapers we had brought with us.

"I like to pick them myself," Mr. Hines said, "but I like the reassurance that I get when I find a handicapper has also picked the horse I like." While we were passing the time and waiting for the daily double windows to open for business, he asked me what my line was, and I told him I was a writer.

"You know, I can't write a letter," he said. "I seem to get all tied up when I have to write even a letter. I've seen fellows could reel one off without seeming to think. Do you think I could learn?" he asked anxiously. I told him it was probably a matter of lack of practice and that he didn't have to do much writing, whereas I did—if only to get betting money. He seemed pleased with the reassurance that he was not a mental cripple.

"There's all this talk about bank tellers robbing the till and losing the money at the track," Mr. Hines said, "but you know, I've been in the banking business all my adult life and I never ran into such a case. I've seen embezzlers, but it's usually the stock market or women those fellows are playing, not horses. I never touch the market or women, and I see no harm in betting the horses if you don't go overboard. Of course, I never bet with a bookmaker; I couldn't afford to have the bank know I was doing anything illegal. I wouldn't want to bet off the track anyway; I like to see the horses run."

Before we left the bar, people began pouring into Yonkers Raceway from buses and cars bringing them from all parts of Manhattan, The Bronx, Brooklyn and Queens. There were 19,855 before the night was over.

Belmont that day had had 17,571. The crowd at Yonkers isn't as stylish as at Belmont, but it's a lot livelier. People who work all day in beauty parlors and barbershops, factories and offices, as well as people who do no work except to read the racing form, love the trotters.

We went from the bar to the daily double windows, where Arthur Hines bought his customary seven \$2 tickets and I bought four. At dinner in the Good Time Room we studied some more and agreed that A.C.'s Karen was the obvious choice in the first race. Mr. Hines had it four times in the double and I had it two. He apologized for eating slowly, saying that he had had an ulcer operation several years before and that his upper dental plate wasn't working any too well and he had not had time to get it fixed. I noticed, too, that his shell-rimmed glasses were patched with a dirty piece of adhesive tape and that his clothes, though neat, were far from new.

After the soup, I got up to make a \$2 win bet on a longer horse than A.G.'s Karen and Arthur Hines handed me a \$20 bill and asked if I would mind buying him a \$10-win \$10-place ticket on A.G.'s Karen. We sat over our swordfish and watched the first race on closed circuit television, which was conveniently available on all sides of the large dining room. A longer shot called Genius won, and A.C.'s Karen came in fourth. My horse, Spring Frost, came in fifth. After the results were official, Arthur Hines said rather calmly: "Well, I'm 34 dollars behind."

Mr. Hines and I left the dining room after the first race and stood on the concrete apron back of the rail and watched the horses exercising and the races from there. Pacers and trotters make a Thoroughbred race fan nervous and gave him a sense of frustration. They look too much like animals at a horse show and lack the long, swift stride and motion I am accustomed to watching.

In the second race I put \$3 across the board on Shadydale Colonel, a 12-to-1 shot. My companion disappeared and I stood watching the start under the hazy sky and the floodlights. He arrived by my side before the automobile starting gate had pulled away and left the horses on their own. He watched eagerly but

continued



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**RIDING TO RUIN** *continued*

did not shout for his animal, as people all around us were doing. As they came into the stretch for the second time around, Shadydale Colonel was ahead, and I tried to look composed. At the finish line Twinkle Star and Silver's Gold came on and finished first and second. Arthur Hines sighed with relief. "Too bad," he said, "but you get show money. I'm kind of glad, though, because I had \$50 on the winner," he added. We went to the cashiers' windows, where he collected \$235 for his \$50 and I got \$3.70 for my \$6. He now had a big profit, and I was \$12.30 in the hole.

From that time on for the next seven races, things stayed very good for Mr. Hines and remained mediocre for me. He kept betting \$30 on favorites, and he won on several of them. I kept betting \$2 to \$5 on longer-priced horses and only cashed one other place bet. We didn't sit down for a minute and forgot about the bar or anything but the prospects of our investments.

Mr. Hines and I left Yonkers Raceway at midnight. By that time he had won \$201 and I had lost \$34.

"Well, for a change, I won at the flats in the day and at the trots at night," he said happily.

When I said good night to him as I prepared to get off at the West Fourth Street subway station, he asked eagerly: "Will you be doing this next Tuesday?"

"I don't believe I can get away," I said.

"Well, I'll be looking for you," he replied, and we shook hands. It was five minutes past one in the morning, and it was going to take him at least three-quarters of an hour to get home to Brooklyn. I had left home at quarter past eleven the previous morning, and I felt more weary and almost as dirty as on that June day in 1917 when the American Army in France put me to shoveling coal from coal cars into big bags and carrying them onto a truck. I wondered how Arthur Hines would manage next morning at 8 behind his savings bank window in Brooklyn, as people on their way to work began pouring in 50s, 20s, 10s, fives and ones or taking them out. When I finally got to bed after 14 hours and 18 races I felt as if I did not want to see a horse or bet on one again for—well, at least 24 hours.



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## THE FEEL OF THE KICK

Sirs:

"Sometimes the kick looks good, but you feel no thrust. If this is so, don't worry about it. Propulsion is truly secondary" (*Teach Your Child to Swim*, June 27). My whole family would like to know what you do to get propulsion after you have perfected the kick.

TOSSEN CARPENTER

Darien, Conn.

● "The propelling force of the kick depends largely on the limpness and flexibility of the foot in the water—qualities that come with practice and more practice," says *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's* swimming teacher, Matt Mann. "At first, beginners are inclined to put too much emphasis on kicking down in such a way that the foot is too stiff to offer much propulsion. You've got to feel that you're lifting the foot up, then letting it drop down, mostly from its own weight, instead of kicking it down. The whole body should be relaxed in a stretched position."—ED.

## SHADE OF THE RAINBOW

Sirs:

We see her shadow holding back Rainbow Bridge's great buttress (19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE, June 27), but who is she—this long-armed, frey-haired, C-cupped maiden of the gulch?

BOB BURLING

Holden, Mass.

● Who else hut Rainbow Brigitte?—ED.



SHADY SUPPORT FOR RAINBOW BRIDGE

## MR. & MRS. OWENS

Sirs:

As a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Owens for over 30 years, I feel your remarks about their home are very degrading (*The Dalton Gang Rides Again*, June 13).

Mr. and Mrs. Owens are respected members of our community. Mr. Owens has worked hard all of his life to provide for his family. Mrs. Owens has contributed much toward establishing a good home for their children.

I, for one, hope that you extend apologies to this fine couple.

MARY DREHAUF

Gifford, Pa.

● *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* deeply regrets it was misinformed about Harry Owens and his wife, a hard-working and highly respected Pennsylvania couple.—ED.

## ACHILLES' HEEL

Sirs:

Whatever became of Don Bowden (*Rin and Don by the Sea*, March 28)?

KEVIN MCGILL

New York City

● Olympic hopeful Bowden was knocked out of contention in the Quantico, Va. armed forces championships by a torn Achilles' tendon.—ED.

## UNBUNG HEROES

Sirs:

What have you guys got against the Washington Senators (*BASEBALL'S WEEK*, July 11)? I note that you tell all about their defeat at the hands of Mudcat Grant of Cleveland and absolutely nothing at all about their four-game winning streak which preceded this loss. Is it a crime to print good things about our Nats? Take a chance, Eve a little.

ELLIOT WEINER

Silver Spring, Md.

● As we recall it, it was a five-game winning streak.—ED.

Sirs:

What is wrong with you anyway? This past week, backstroke swimming star Lynn Burke of the Santa Clara Swim Club broke two world records in one meet—and what does she get for it? A PAT ON THE BACK, her picture in *FACE* in the *Crowd*? No, only one little line in *FOR THE RECORD* (July 4). In case you didn't know—world records don't happen very often.

CAROLYN WOOD

Portland, Ore.

● For more than a line about Lynn, see page 12.—ED.

Sirs:

Walter Bingham's article (*Double M for Murder*, July 4) contains the most words on Roger Maris that I've read anywhere. The former Kansas Cityite, it seems, must hit five homers a week even to get his picture in print. What is it about this guy?

I suppose the answer lies in Bingham's statement that Maris "reveals little of himself or his feelings."

STEVEN ZOUMER

Sands Point, N.Y.



RETICENT ROGER REVEALED IN ACTION

● If Yankee Maris wants more publicity, he'll have to do better than that 0 for 6 in the All-Stars, but here's his picture anyway.—ED.

Sirs:

I have waited week after week for an article on the Pittsburgh Pirates, but every week I get a disappointment.

R. L. HUSTON

Mercer, Pa.

● Wait two weeks more; meanwhile take a look at *Pittsburgh's Gang of Peaky Heroes*, May 30.—ED.

## UNHONORED COACH

BY NOMINATION FOR NO 1 AMONG COACHES SHORT-CHANGED WHEN IT COMES TO RECOGNITION IS LEO LINDSEY. THE NAVY CREW COACH NEVER BEFORE DID A SCHOOL HAVE TWO CREWS IN THE EIGHT-GARF FINAL OF THE OLYMPIC TRIALS AS NAVY DID (THE OIL Navy Way July 18). SO HOW IS LINDSEY HONORED? HE IS HONORED BY NOT BEING NAMED HEAD COACH OF THE U.S. BOATING TEAM AS IS TRADITIONALLY THE CASE FOR THE COACH OF THE WINNING EIGHT.

DICK JOHNSTON

SNYDER, N.Y.



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■ STOPS CHAFING ON THE SPOT ■

## PAT ON THE BACK



CATHEY FERGUSON

## 'This year I've improved'

Although the supple young lady bending for a hot grounder does occasionally take prizes in flower arrangement, her real forte is playing a barefoot third base for the Casa View softball team in the Dallas pee wee league. She is 9-year-old Cathey Ferguson and, though she is the only girl in the league, she has managed to become accepted as one of the boys. "Last year I was put in right field," she says, "but this year I've improved." Says her coach, Lowell Peters: "Improved! She's the best third baseman in the league."

Cathey takes praise like this with a grain of rosin, is chiefly concerned

with correcting her playing weaknesses. "Sometimes I kind of chop at the ball," she says. "I have to learn not to go for the bad ones." But why play barefoot? "You get the feel of the game better."

Despite her tumboy palaver, the soft-voiced Cathey is entirely feminine. In a recent floral competition she took a piglet water pitcher, tastefully arranged some flowers in it, for good measure placed a rose in the piglet's mouth. It earned her first prize. All in all, Cathey has neatly managed to balance fielding and femininity. "I have a boy friend," she says, "but he is not on the team."



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